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A Penni worth of Witte-
Florie and Blaunche flour :

and other Pièces

of Ancient English Poetry,

Selected from

The Auchinleck Manuscript.

Printed at Edinburgh,
For the Abbotsford Club

M.DCCC.LVII.

de Bib

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P R E F A C E.

Is the series of works which were completed for the Members of the ABBOTSFORD CLUB, during the few years of its active existence, an important service was rendered to early English literature, by printing several inedited Metrical Romances. Most of these are contained in the celebrated Auchinleck Manuscript. In now bringing this series of Club books to a close, it was considered, that of two volumes one might be suitably appropriated to a selection of smaller pieces of English Poetry from the same collection, and at the same time to furnish some account of the Manuscript itself, and indicate the various forms in which nearly the whole of its contents have appeared.

The volume, known from its donor as the THE AUCHINLECK MANUSCRIPT, was presented to the Faculty of Advocates by Alexander Boswell of Auchinleck in the year 1744. He was raised to the Bench, as a Lord of Session, in February 1754, and died in 1782, in the seventy-sixth year of his age. His son James Boswell was the well-known biographer of Johnson. His grandson, the late Sir Alexander Boswell of Auchinleck, was an accomplished scholar, who, with an ardent love of literature, and poetical talent of no ordinary kind, inherited his grandfather's taste for collecting; and by means of a private press at Auchinleck, he reproduced several curious and valuable works, for the gratification of his literary and antiquarian friends.

The previous history of the Manuscript is wholly unknown. It is of a square or large quarto size, of vellum, in double columns, written, as conjectured, in the North of England, not later than the middle of the

fourteenth century. In its original state, the volume must have been of considerable bulk, inasmuch as its 334 folios contain 44 different articles; but, according to the numbers at the head of each leaf, there must at least have been 57 in the volume. Besides the loss therefore of 13 distinct articles, several leaves are more or less mutilated. Of the missing articles, some indeed may have been of small extent, as short legends or lays, but there remain only small portions of the two long romances of Alexander and King Richard. The mutilations are chiefly blanks occasioned by most of the small illuminations at the head of each article, carefully designed, and finished in gold and colours, having been barbarously cut out, which also entailed the loss of eight or nine lines written on the reverse of the leaves so mutilated. From a circumstance to be stated, it may be conjectured that the volume had fallen into the hands of an ignorant binder, who was in the process of cutting it up for the purposes of his trade, when so many of the illuminations were taken out, as things of no value, before the most considerable portion of the volume was fortunately rescued from complete destruction.

In the year 1837, my friend Mr Turnbull, Advocate, the Secretary of the Abbotsford Club, joined with me in printing a few copies for private distribution, of a volume, entitled "Owain Miles, and other inedited Fragments of Ancient English Poetry," post 8vo. The contents were derived from the Auchinleck Manuscript, and included the fragment of KING RICHARD, with a facsimile of the miniature design at the head of this romance, which had escaped the knife or scissors of the depredator. I was quite unaware, at the time, that I actually had in my own possession a fragment of two leaves of that Romance, which had formed part of this identical Manuscript. They were given to me several years before by a learned and reverend friend, as a specimen of old writing, but had fallen aside. At length, upon examining the leaves, to ascertain what they were, the form of writing seemed to me quite familiar, and I soon discovered that they must have originally formed part of the Manuscript in question. I lost no time therefore in making inquiry, and securing another fragment of two

leaves, which I remembered having seen when the others were given me. These I found contained the first portion of "The Life of Adam," which is inserted in the present volume. The leaves having been employed as covers of blank paper-books, which were purchased for note-books by a Professor in the University of St Andrews, before the middle of the last century, the writing in some parts is scarcely legible. I have not been able to ascertain whether any other volumes with similar covers may still exist; but the discovery of these few leaves is sufficient to suggest the idea that Lord Auchinleck rescued the bulk of the manuscript from being so employed. Probably attaching much less importance to the volume than it has obtained, it was bound in the plainest manner, some of the leaves were misplaced, and, when compared with the recovered fragments, of which the parts folded over the boards are preserved, it must have suffered in the rebinding, by being rather unsparingly cut in the edges. The volume is now rebound in morocco, in a style more suitable to its worth, and the mutilated leaves have been carefully mended.

Bishop Percy, in his third volume of *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, was the first to give any account of the contents of this precious Manuscript, from information communicated by the Rev. Dr Blair. Ritson, during one of his visits to Edinburgh, examined the volume with great care, and made a list of its contents, dated in 1792, and transcribed select portions, which he afterwards published in his collection of English Metrical Romances. But the volume acquired its chief notoriety in 1803, from having furnished Sir Walter Scott with the text of his elaborate edition of the metrical romance of SIR TRISTREM. This he attributed to Thomas of Erceldoune, named the Rhymer, and connected with it a very ingenious but untenable theory of its being the original of the similar romances that exist in other languages. The account of the manuscript and its contents given by Sir Walter is subjoined to this prefatory notice, with such corrections or additions as seem to be requisite, after briefly noticing the several pieces which are contained in the present volume.

I.—A PENNI WORTH OF WITTE.

This popular tale is evidently derived from a French original, and the Fabliau *La Bourse plein de Sens*, has a sufficient resemblance to the story to render this probable. See Legrand d'Aussy, *Fabliaux et Contes*, tome iv., p. 1, edit. Paris, 1829; and the *Fabliaux et Contes des Poètes François*, publiés par Barbazan, tome iii., p. 38.

Ritson, in his curious volume of *Pieces of Ancient Popular Poetry*, 1791, printed this tale, under the title, *How a Merchande dyd hys Wyfe betray*, from a MS. in the University Library of Cambridge, (MSS. More, Ff. 2. 38.) It is a condensed and quite a different version from the present, and consists of 272 lines. The MS., he says, is written apparently about the reign of Edward the Fourth or Richard the Third. "The poem itself however is indisputably of a greater age, and seems from the language and orthography to be of Scottish, or at least of North country extraction. The fragment of a somewhat different copy, in the same dialect, is contained in a MS. of Henry the Sixth's time, in the British Museum (Bib. Harl., 5396, f. 27.) It has evidently been designed to be sung to the harp."

The copy which Ritson mentions contains only 176 lines, and begins thus:—

Lystene, Lordyngis, I yow praye
 How many man can hys wyfe betraye,
 Both be day and be nyght.
 Yf ye well lystyn a lytyll wyght.
 Thys song ys of a marchand of thys contre,
 Had a wyfe was fayre and fre;
 The marchand had a full gode wyfe,
 Ho louyd hym lclý as hur lyfe,
 What that euer hyc tyl hur sayde,
 Euer sche held hur wele payde:
 Tho marchand, that was stout and gaye,
 By another wench he lay:
 He boght hur gownys of gret prys. &c.

At a recent period, the story assumed a more popular form, in the common ballad, "The Pennyworth of Wit." Captain Cox, who is celebrated in the entertainments at Kenilworth Castle in 1575, possessed, among a bunch of ballads, "*The Chapman of a Pennyworth of Wit*;" Ritson mentions, that it is also contained in a tract entitled "*Penny-wise, Pound-foolish*; or a Britow diamond, set in two rings, and both crack'd. Profitable for married men, pleafant for young men, and a rare example for all good women." London, 1631, 4to, bl. l.

One of these common popular ballads, "A choice Pennyworth of Wit," begins,

Here is a Pennyworth of Wit
For those that ever went astray;
If warning they will take by it,
'Twill do them good another day.

.
As in this book you may behold,
Set forth by *Mr William Lane*.

The said "book" being in the form of a broadside, containing 65 stanzas of 4 lines. "Printed and fold at No. 4 Aldermary Churchyard," about the end of the last century.

II.—FLORICE AND BLAUNCHEFLOUR.

This beautiful tale, which exists in a variety of forms and languages, is supposed to have a Spanish origin. In the description of the embroidered robe, in the metrical romance of Emare, pronounced by Warton to form one of the finest descriptions of the kind which he had seen in Gothic poetry, are the following lines :

In the thrydde kornor wyth gret honour
Was FLORYS and dam BLAUNCHEFLOUR
As love was hem betwene;
For they loved wyth honour.

Purtrayed they were with trewe-love flour,
Wyth stones bryght and shene.¹

Boccaccio, who makes the adventures of Florio and Biancofiore the principal subject of his *Philocopo*, says that the subject was popular long before his time. Some of the Provençal poets refer to such a story; and it is extant in an early version in Greek iambics.

Of metrical versions in other languages, it is somewhat doubtful which should be considered the earliest. Ritson speaks of the French version as one of the most ancient and popular in that language. See also the remarks of M. Paulin Paris, in his "*Le Romancero François*," p. 55. Paris, 1833; where he gives a long extract from the Romance of *Flore et Blanche fleur*, preserved in the Imperial Library at Paris. This MS. of the 13th century, consisting of 3342 lines, forms part of a large volume, in folio, No. 6987, described by M. Paris, in his subsequent work "*Les Manuscrits François*," tome iii., p. 215. It has since been printed entire, with this German title, "*Flore und Blanceflor, Altfranzösischer Roman, nach der Uhländischen Abschrift der Pariser Handschrift N. 6987. herausgegeben von Immanuel Bekker.*" Berlin. 1844, post 8vo.²

Conrad Fleck, one of the early Mimesingers, and supposed, from the dialect of his verses, to have been a native of Switzerland or Suabia, was born in the early part of the 13th century, and composed a long poem on the same subject. It extends to 8006 lines, and the German critics declare it to be superior, in graceful simplicity, to the above poem of the French Trouvère. Of this poem there exist two manuscripts of the 15th century; one at Berlin, the other at Heidelberg. It has been carefully edited, under this title: "*Flore und Blanscheffur, eine Erzählung von Konrad Fleck: herausgegeben von Emil Sommer;*" which forms the 12th volume of the "*Bibliothek der gesammten Deutschen National-Literatur,*" printed at Quedlinburg und Leipzig, 1846, 8vo.

¹ Warton's *History of English Poetry*, vol. i., p. cxevi.

² Other two early manuscripts are quoted, in *Bibl. Colb.* 3128, and *Bibl. Coisl.* 733.

Another writer, the Flemish poet Dietric van Assenede, who also flourished in the 13th century, translated this romance into Flemish verse. It contains 3978 lines, and has been published as Part III. of the "*Horsc Belgica*," edited by Henry Hoffmann. "*Floris ende Blancefloer, door Diederick van Assenede: mit einleitung, anmerkungen und glossar, herausgegeben von Hoffmann von Fallersleben.*" Leipzig, 1836, 8vo.

Fleck cites, near the commencement of his poem (l. 142) an earlier production, of a Robert d'Orbent:—

Ez hat Ruoprecht von Orbent.
Getihtet in welschen
Mit rimen ungevelschen
Des ich in tiuschen willen han.

A similar version, "*Flores och Blanzefflor*," in the Swedish language, by Gustaf Klemming, is attributed to the early part of the 14th century. It forms the commencement of a valuable series of ancient popular literature, publishing, at occasional intervals, "*Samlingar utgifna af Svenska Fornkrift-Sällskapet.*" Stockholm, 1844, et seq., 8vo.

Mr Ellis, in his *English Metrical Romances*, has given an analysis of this romance from the text of the Auchinleck MS., supplying from Tressan the defective portions of the story. The prose romances of Florice and Blanche-flour belong to a much more recent period, and are enumerated by Brunet, in the last edition of his *Manuel du Libraire*.

The existing copies of the English version are more or less imperfect, and the one probably would not supply the deficiencies of the other. The copy best known forms part of a volume in the University Library of Cambridge, (Gg. iv. 27.) It contains about 800 lines, and begins, as follows, with line 8 of the present text:—

Heo tok forth a wel fair ring,
Of hire finger a riche ryng;
Mi sone, heo sede, haue this ring.
Whil he is thin, ne dute nothing,
That fur the brenne, ne adrenehe sa.
Ne ire[n] ne steil ne mai the sle:

And to thi wil thou schalt habbe grace.
 Late and rache in eche place.
 Floris mineth nu his leue,
 No longer nolde he bileue.

In a manuscript volume of the 14th century, in the Bridgewater Library, described in Archdeacon Todd's "Illustrations of Gower and Chaucer," p. 164, there is a copy of *Florence and Blancheflour*, which he says contains upwards of 300 lines more than Mr Ellis was acquainted with in his account of the Romance. Another, earlier than either, was in the Cottonian Library. (Vitellius, D. III.) It is thus entered in Smith's Catalogue of the MSS., 1696: "Versus de amoribus Florisii juvenis et Blanchefloræ puellæ, lingua veteri Anglicana." But this was one of the volumes destroyed by the fire in 1731; some portions of the English romance of *Floyres and Blancheflur* having escaped. It is written on vellum, in double columns, in a small hand, of the 13th century, very difficult to be deciphered. I have been favoured by Sir Frederic Madden with the following specimen:—

Tel me war my lemmon beo.
 Al wepinge onsuerede heo,
 Sire, heo seyde, ded; ded, quad he,
 Sire, heo seyde, for sothe, ye.
 Alas, wenne deide my suete wyght?
 Sire, heo seyde, with inne this seuenight,
 That urthe hire was leyð aboue,
 And ded heo is for thine loue.
 Floyres that was so fayr and gent,
 He fel i-swone up on the pauement.
 And the eristene wimmon gon to crie
 To Crist and to seynte Marie.
 The king and the quene i-herdde that cri.
 In to the bure tho urne hy,
 And the quene ate frome
 By wepeth hire dere sone;
 And the kinges herte is ful of care,
 That he sikth is sone vor loue so fare.
 Anon he of swoninge awok and speke miste.

Sore he wep and sore he syghte,
 And on his moder he by sigth,
 Dame, he sayde, led me thar that mayde lyth.
 Thider heo hire broute wel suthe,
 Vor care and sorwe of hire dethe,
 Anon that he to the burles come,
 Wel yerne he bi hul ther on,
 And letteres bigon to rede,
 Thus spek and thus sede,
 Thar thar lay suete Blancheflur,
 That Floyres lonede par amur.

In Mr Hartshorne's volume of "Ancient Metrical Tales," London, 1829, this romance of Florice and Blanche flour is printed from a transcript of the Auchinleck MS. which he acknowledges to have received from me. I may be allowed to make a single remark. It was unlucky that the sheets, while at press, were either not sent here for revisal, or that the text had not been collated with the Cambridge MS. In either case the very gross mistakes which his text contains might have been avoided. The transcript alluded to was a duplicate copy given me by Sir Walter Scott, and was made for him, I understood, by a brother of the celebrated Dr Leyden. I cannot imagine it could have contained such blunders as the printed pages exhibit. The text of the Auchinleck MS. is now, I hope, more accurately represented.

III.—THE THROSTEL COK AND NIGHTINGALE.

This dialogue of the Throstel or Thrush and the Nightingale is probably a translation from the French. Sir Walter Scott (see p. xxvi.) evidently supposed that the original was preserved in the Digby MS., having been misled by its French title. This manuscript is in the Bodleian Library, (MS. Digby 86. fol. 136^b); and to the kindness of Sir Frederic Madden I am indebted for the use of his transcript, from which it appears to be a perfect.

or at least a fuller copy of a poem much the same with that in the Auchinleck MS. It is entitled, “Ci commence le euntent par entre le Mauvis et la Russinole,” and begins:—

SOMER is comen with loue to toune,
 With blostme and with brides rounne,
 The note of hasel springeth;
 The dewes darkneth in the dale,
 For longing of the Nightegale,
 This foweles murie singeth.

Hie herde a strif bitweies two,
 That on of wele, that other of wo,
 etc. etc.

It contains 32 stanzas of six lines, and is thus more than double the extent of the present fragment. It would, however, serve no purpose to supply such a large portion, the more especially as the poem has been printed by Mr Halliwell in the *Reliquiæ Antiquæ*, vol. i. p. 241.

As the initial letter L, in the Auchinleck MS., is very distinct, the mutilated line should have been thus printed,

L[enten ys come] with loue [to towne]

the opening stanza being almost identical with an earlier love song, containing a description of the Spring, in Harl. MS., No. 2253; and printed by Hawkins, vol. ii. p. 93, by Warton, vol. i. p. 29, and by Ritson, in his *Ancient Songs*, p. 31.

IV.—THE LIIF OF ADAM.

According to the legend itself, this narrative is of the remotest antiquity, having been written on stone by Seth, the son of Adam, in a language which, when discovered by Solomon, was wholly unknown, and required an angel to be sent from heaven to give the interpretation. See lines 691–720. The first portion of 352 lines is given from the fragment of the MS.

recovered, as stated at page ii. A few lines at the commencement are unfortunately lost. The name *Lightbern*, or Child of Light, as applied to Lucifer, or Satan, before his fall through pride, cannot fail to strike the reader as highly poetical.—The similar fragment of King Richard, in my possession, consists of two distinct portions, of 176 lines each, corresponding with lines 1745 to 1919, and lines 2580 to 2762, in Weber's edition of the entire romance.

V.—DAVID THE KING.

The commencement of each verse, from the Vulgate, accompanies this paraphrase of the Fifty-first Psalm. Verses 7 and 8 having been written on the reverse of the leaf containing a small illumination, are lost. This is one of the Seven Penitential Psalms, of which there are numerous versions, in English verse, preserved in various libraries.

VI.—THE DEDLI SINNES, THE HESTES, &c.

This is a similar paraphrase of the Ten Commandments, the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, with a general reference to the Seven Deadly Sins, and a paraphrastic narration of our Lord's Passion. The concluding lines, or prayer, to send peace instead of war, that Christians might be enabled to pass into the Holy Land, and slay the Saracens, indicate the later period of the Crusades, when the verses were written.

VII.—THE PATERNOSTER UNDO ON ENGLISH.

The Lord's Prayer is here given in a different and more amplified paraphrase.

VIII.—HOW OUR LEUEDI SAUTER WAS FIRST FOUND.

The object of this poem is sufficiently obvious as an encouragement to Mariolatry, and belongs to a period when the Hours of the Blessed Virgin had begun to supersede with the laity the older forms of devotion.

IX.—IN PRAISE OF WOMEN.

This poem was printed by Dr Leyden, in the Introduction to “The Complaynt of Scotland;” but he makes no mention of having omitted nine of the later stanzas, owing, no doubt, to so many of the lines having been mutilated. The stanza in which it is written is somewhat peculiar.

X.—WHERE BEN MEN.

This fragment of a moral poem, on the vanity of human life, may serve to conclude the present selections made from the Manuscript.

It is only necessary to add, that the MS. has been literally followed, except in the use of a few contracted letters. This remark chiefly applies to the letters þ and ȝ. The first uniformly stands for *th*, and has been so printed. The other, ȝ or ȝ, is used indiscriminately for *yh*, *gh*, *z*, and occasionally for *th*, when following a vowel. At the beginning of words, the pronunciation ought to be *yh*; but in modern orthography these two letters are apt to be misunderstood. When following a consonant, the letter ȝ stands for *gh*, and has been so rendered.

DAVID LAING.

EDINBURGH, 1857.

ACCOUNT OF THE AUCHINLECK MS.

AND

A CATALOGUE OF ITS CONTENTS.

PREFIXED TO THE ROMANCE OF SIR TRISTREM, EDITED BY
SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THIS valuable record of ancient poetry forms a thick quarto volume, containing 334 leaves, and 44 different pieces of poetry; some mere fragments, and others, works of great length. The beginning of each poem has originally been adorned with an illumination; for the sake of which the first leaf has in many cases been torn out, and in others cut and mutilated. The MS. is written on parchment, in a distinct and beautiful hand, which the most able antiquaries are inclined to refer to the earlier part of the 13th [14th] century. The pages are divided into two columns, unless where the verses, being Alexandrine, occupy the whole breadth of the quarto. In two or three instances there occurs a variation of the hand-writing; but as the poems regularly follow each other, there is no reason to believe that such alterations indicate an earlier or later date than may be reasonably ascribed to the rest of the work; although the Satire against Simonie, No. 44, seems rather in an older hand than the others, and may be an exception to the general rule.

The MS. was presented to the Faculty of Advocates, in 1744, by Alexander Boswell of Auchinleck, a Lord of Session, by the title of Lord Auchinleck, and father to the late James Boswell, Esq., the biographer of Dr Johnson. Of its former history nothing is known.

Many circumstances lead us to conclude that the MS. has been written in an Anglo-Norman convent.—That it has been compiled in England there can be little

doubt. Every poem, which has a particular local reference, concerns South Britain alone. Such are the satirical verses, No. 21, in the following catalogue; the *Liber Regum Angliæ*, No. 40; the Satire against Simonie, No. 44. On the other hand, not a word is to be found in the collection relating particularly to Scottish affairs.

MS. vj.—fol. 1–6.

No. 1. *The Legend of Pope Gregory*.—Six leaves. Imperfect both at beginning and end. This article is on the top of the page marked as No. 6; from which we find that five preceding poems have been lost. St Gregory's story is more horrible than that of *Œdipus*. He is the offspring of an incestuous connection betwixt a brother and a sister; and is afterwards unwittingly married to his own mother. The fragment begins,

Th' erl him granted his wille Y wis,
That the knight him hadde y-told,
The barounes that were of miche priis.
Biforn him thai weren y-cald.
Alle the lond that euer was his,
Biforn hem alle yong and old,
He made his soster cheif and priis.
That mani siyheing for him had sold.

Printed in a volume entitled “*Legendæ Catholicæ: A Lytle Boke of Seyntlie Gestes*.” Edinburgh, 1840. square 12mo, pp. xvii. 257. Dedicated by the Editor “To the Memory of Peter Ribadeneira, of the Society of Jesus.” Of this little volume “of hagiologies” only 40 copies were printed, by W. B. D. D. Turnbull, Esq., for private distribution.

vj.—fol. 7–13.

No. 2. *The King of Tars*.—Seven leaves, wanting the end. A romance, in stanzas of 12 lines.

Herkneth to me, both eld and ying,
For Marie's loue, that swete thing,
All hou a wer bigan,
Bitvene a trewe eristen king,
And an heathen heye lording,
Of Dames the Soudan.

This romance is published by Mr Ritson, in his *Ancient Metrical Romances*. vol. ii. London. 1802, 3 vol. post 8vo.

viii.—fol. 14-16.

No. 3. *The History of Adam and his Descendants*.—Two leaves and a half, or five pages. The beginning is wanting. It is a work, according to the poet, of high antiquity and authority, being written by Seth. In couplets.

Tho Seth hadde writen Adames liif,
And Eves, that was Adames wiif,
Right in thilke selve stede,
Ther Adam was won to *bide his bede*.

Seth left the MS. in Adam's oratory, where it remained till the time of Solomon, who discovered, but could not decypher it without supernatural assistance.

Printed as "The Liif of Adam" in the present volume, p. 49, the first portion having been supplied from the fragment of the Auchinleck MS. in the Editor's possession, as described at p. iii.

ix.—fol. 16-21.

No. 4. *The Legend of Seynt Margrete*.—Four leaves and a half. Perfect, saving a few lines cut out with the illumination. It is a more modern version of the Legend published by Hickes, in the *Thesaurus Linguarum Septentrionalium*, and begins.

Al that ben in dedly sinne,
And theuk with merei to mete,
Leue in Crist that gave you witt
Ȝour sinnes for to bete,
Listen and ye schul here telle,
With wordes fair and swete,
The vie of on maiden
Men clepeth Seyn Margre[te.]

Printed in the "Legendæ Catholicæ," &c. 1840, p. 69.

x.—fol. 21-24.

No. 5. *Legend of Seynt Katherine*.—Nearly four leaves; wants the end, and some lines, where the illumination has been cut out. A similar poem with No. 4; apparently by the same hand.

He that made heven and erthe,
And sonne and mone for to schine,
Bring ous in to his riche,
And scheld ous fram helle pine!

Herken, and Y you wil telle
 The liif of an holy virgine,
 That treuli trowed in Jesu Crist;
 Hir name was hoten Katerine.

Printed in the " *Legendæ Catholicæ*," &c. 1840, p. 165.

xj.—fol. 25—31.

No. 7. *The Legend or Romance of Owain Miles*,—occupies seven leaves. The beginning is wanting, and some lines in the last folio are cut out. It contains the adventures of Sir Owain, a Northumbrian knight, in St Patrick's purgatory in Ireland, where he saw hell, purgatory, and the celestial regions. The last verses are.

And when he deyd he went, Y wis,
 In to the heighe joie of Paradis,
 Thurehe help of Godes grace,
 Now God, for Seynt Owains loue,
 Graunt ous Heuen blis aboue,
 Bifor his swete face. Amen.

Printed in the volume entitled " *Owain Miles, and other Inedited Fragments of Ancient English Poetry*. Edinburgh, 1837," post 8vo. Of this volume only 32 copies were printed, for private distribution, by W. B. Turnbull, Esq. and the present editor.

xij.—fol. 31^b—34.

No. 8. *The Disputisoun bituen the Bodi and the Soule*.—Three leaves; wants the concluding stanzas. This is a dispute betwixt the body and soul of a dead warrior, who continue to upbraide each other with their sinful life, until they are both carried to the infernal regions:

As Y lay in a winter's night,
 In a droupening bifor the day,
 Methought Y seighe a selli sight:
 A bodi opon a bere lay.
 He hadde ben a modi knight,
 And litel serued God to pay;
 Forlorn he had his liues light.
 The gost moued out, and wald oway.

Printed in the volume, " *Owain Miles*," &c. Edinb. 1837.

xijj.—fol. 35–37.

No. 9. *The Descent of our Saviour into Hell*.—to redeem the souls of the prophets, supposed to have been confined there from the Fall to the Crucifixion. As this legend is in the shape of a dialogue, it is probably an edition of the favourite mystery, called the *Harrowing of Hell*. It wants beginning and end; and occupies one entire leaf, and a fragment of another.

DOMINUS AIT.

Hard gates have Y gon,
And suffered pines mani on
Thritti winter and thridde half yere
Have Y wond in lond here, &c.

In MS. Bibl. Harl., 2253, is a poem on the Harrowing of Hell, beginning.

Alle harkneth to me nou,
A strif woll Y tellen ou,
Of Jesu aut of Sathan.

Printed in the volume, "Owain Miles," &c. Edinb. 1837.

xiiij.—fol. 37–38.

No. 10. *A Miracle of the Virgin*.—Wants the beginning. One leaf, and fragment of one cut out.

From heven into the clerke's hour,
Right down biforn his beddes fet,
The angel alight with great honour,
And wel fair he gan him gret.

Part of the previous leaf contains 44 lines, the commencement of each line being cut off. It begins.

. . . ngel sche sent to him anon
. . . gret the clerik with milde steuen
. . . the chaumber when he gan gon
. . . as brighte than ani leuen

xv.—fol. 39–48.

No. 11. *A Moralization upon certain Latin texts*.—Nine leaves: wants the end. It is written in a different and larger hand than the preceding and following articles.

Herkeneth alle to my speche,
 And hele of soule I may ou teche:
 That I wole speke it is no feble, &c.

xvj.—fol. 48^b–61.

No. 12. *Amis and Amelion*.—A beautiful romance of chivalry: of which see an account in the Notes to Sir Tristrem. The beginning and end are torn out. It occupies thirteen folios, and begins.

The riehe donk his fest gan hold,
 With erls and with barouns bold,
 As ye may listen and lithe.
 Fourten-night, as me was told,
 With erls and with barounis bold,
 To glad tho bernis blithe.

Printed in Weber's "Metrical Romances of the 13th, 14th, and 15th Centuries," vol. ii. p. 367. Edinburgh, 1810, 3 vol. post 8vo.

xvii.—fol. 62–65.

No. 13. *Legend of Marie Maudelein*.—Four leaves; wants the beginning. The author concludes.

Ich biseche you alle that han y-berd,
 Of the Maudelain hou it ferd,
 That ye biseche al for him,
 That this stori in Inglisse rim
 Out of Latin hath y-wrought,
 For alle men Latin no conne nought, &c.

Printed in the "Legenda Catholica," &c. Edinb. 1840, p. 211.

xviii.—fol. 66–69.

No. 14. *The Legend of Joachim, our Lewdie's Moder*.—Four leaves. Incomplete, not from mutilation, as usual, but because the author or transcriber had tired of his task.

Al that the Prophetes schewed whilom
 In her prophecie,
 Al it was off our Lord,
 And of his moder Marie:

Both Moyses and Abraham,
 Jonas and Helye,
 David and Daniel,
 And the holy Geremie.

Printed in the " *Legendæ Catholicæ*," &c. Edinb. 1840, p. 123.

xxj.—fol. 70-72^a.

No. 15. *On the Seven Deadly Sins, the Ten Commandments*, &c.—Complete. Two leaves.

Jhesu, that for us wolde die
 And was boreu of Maiden Marie,
 Forgive us, Louerd, our misdede,
 And help us at oure moste nede!

Printed in the present volume, p. 81.

xxij.—fol. 72.

No. 16. *The Pater-noster, undo on Englisch*.—One leaf: wants the end.

Alle that ever gon and riden,
 That willeth Godes merci abiden;
 Lewede men, that ne beth ne clerkes,
 Tho that leven on Godes werkes,
 Lesteth and ye schollen here, i-wis,
 What youre Pater Noster is.

Printed in the present volume, p. 93.

xxij.—fol. 73-78^a.

No. 17. *The Assumption of the Virgin*.—Five and $\frac{1}{4}$ leaves: wants the beginning; concludes thus:

Now habbe ye herd the Resoun
 Of the swete Assumpcion
 Of oure Leuedi hende,
 Jesu, that is here swete sone,
 Give ous grace for to wone,
 In joie that nevere schal ende.

xxiiij.—fol. 78^a–84.

No. 18. *Sire Degarré*.—Seven leaves; wants the end, and also some lines near the beginning. This beautiful romance is analyzed by Warton, in the *History of Poetry*, vol. i. p. 180.

Knichtes * * * *
 Ferli fele wolde fonde
 And sechen adventures, by night and dai.
 Hou yhe mighte here strengthe asai;
 So did a knyght, Sire Degarree.
 Ich wille you telle wat man was he.

Printed for the Abbotsford Club, in a separate volume. Edinb. 1849, 4to, with eight facsimiles of the title page, woodcuts, and text of the black letter edition printed by Wynken de Worde.

xxv.—fol. 85–99.

No. 19. *The Seven Wise Masters*.—Fifteen leaves; wants the beginning and end. This celebrated romance, or rather tissue of stories, seems to be derived from the *Calilah u Dannah* of the Orientals. See Tyrwhitt's notes on Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*. The first paragraph begins,

Dioclitian, the maistres herde,
 He strok his herd, and shoke his yerde,
 And on hem made milde chere,
 And spak that hi alle mighte i-here, &c.

Printed in Weber's Metrical Romances, vol. iii., under the title "The Proses of the Sevyyn Sages," the defective portions being supplied from a later MS. in the Cottonian Library.

xxvj.—fol. 100–104.

No. 20. *Florice and Blancheflour*.—Five leaves; beginning torn out. Tressan has analyzed this beautiful tale in his *Corps d'Extraits des Romans*. It concludes,

Nou is this tale browt to th' ende,
 Of Florice and of his lemman hende,
 How after bale hem com bote,
 So wil our Louerd, that ous mote.
 Amen sigges al so,
 And Ich schal helpe you ther to.

Printed by the Rev. Charles Henry Hartshorne, in his Collection of Ancient

Metrical Tales, p. 81. London, 1829, post 8vo (See p. ix): And also in the present volume, p. 15.

xxvij.—fol. 105.

No. 21. *A Satirical Poem*.—apparently referring to the reign of Edward II. Perfect in one leaf. The introduction is in alternate French and English, and begins thus:

Len puet fere et defere, ceo fait il trop sourent;
 It nis nouthur wel ne feire, therefore Engeland is shent:
Nostre prince de Engleterre, per le conseil de sa gent,
 At Westminster after the feire, maden a gret parlement, &c.

At this parliament Seven Wise Men deliver their opinions on the causes of the national distress, in the following jingling measure:

The firste seide, I understonde.
 Ne may no king wel ben in londe
 Under God Almihte.
 But he kunne himself rede
 Hou he schal in londe lede
 Eueri man wid riht,
 For miht is riht,
 Liht is niht,
 And fiht is fiht.
 For miht is riht, the lond is laweles;
 For liht is niht, the lond is lore-les;
 For fiht is fiht, the londe is name-less.

‡ xxvij.—fol. 105^b–107.

No. 22. *A List of Names of Norman Barons*.—occupying three pages, beginning with Aumarle, Bertram, Brehuse, Bardolf, &c. Some are familiar in history, as Percy, Audely, Warayne, and the like; others seem romantic epithets, as Oylle-de-buffe, Front-de-buffe, Longspee, &c. There is no hint of the purpose of this list, which is perfect.

xxvij.—fol. 108–146.

No. 23. *Gy of Warwike*.—Thirty-nine folios; wants the beginning, and a leaf or two in the middle. It concludes with his slaying a dragon in Northumberland, previous to his marriage with Felice:

To Warwike he is y-went,
 With that heued he made the kinge present.
 The king was blithe and of glad chere,
 For that he seye Gy hole and fere,

At Warwik thai benge the heued anon :
Mani men wondred ther apon.

Printed in a separate volume for the Abbotsford Club, along with the two following numbers, with the title, "The Romances of Sir Guy of Warwick, and Rembrun his Son. Now first edited from the Auchinleck MS. Edinburgh, printed for the Abbotsford Club, 1840." 4to, pp. xlii, 482, edited by Mr Turnbull.

‡ xxviiij.—fol. 146^b–166^a

No. 24. *Continuation of Gy's History*,—in a different stanza, containing his marriage, his adventures in the Holy Land, his duel with Colbrond the Danish champion, and his death. Complete; twenty folios. It begins,

God graunt hem heuen blis to mede,
That herken to mi romaunce rede,
Al of a gentil knight.
The best bodi he was at nede,
That ever might bistriden stede,
And freest founde in fight.

Printed in the above mentioned volume, at p. 266, as the continuation of Sir Guy of Warwick, beginning with line 6899, and ending with line 10,479.

xxix.—fol. 166^a–175.

No. 25.—*Rembrun's Gy's Sone of Warwike*.—This may also be considered as a continuation of the foregoing popular romance. It occupies nine folios, and wants the end.

Jhesu that ert of mighte most,
Fader, and Sone, and Holy Gost,
Ich bidde the a bone.
Else thow ert Lord of our ginning,
And madest heuene and alle thing,
Se, and sonne, and mone.

It breaks off with line 1521.

Thus thai stabled the londe with fight
And therafter anon right
Thai toke leue an highe
Into Ingelonde thai gonne saile
.

Printed along with Nos. 23 and 24, for the Abbotsford Club, in 1840.

xxx.—fol. 176–201.

No. 26. *Sir Beves of Hamtoun*.—Twenty-five folios, complete, beginning.

Lordinges hearkneth to mi tale,
 Is merrier than the nightingale,
 That I schel singe;
 Of a knight I wil yow rounne,
 Beves a-highte of Hamtounne,
 Withouten lesing.

Having used this stanza for about three leaves, the author exchanges it for rhyming couplets.

Saber, Bevis to his house hadde,
 Meehe of that leuedi him dradde, &c.

Printed as a contribution for the Maitland Club, by W. B. Turnbull, Esq., in a separate volume. “*Sir Beves of Hamtoun, a Metrical Romance, now first edited from the Auchinleck MS.*” Edinburgh, 1838, 4to, pp. xix. 169.

xxxi.—fol. 201–256.

No. 27. *Of Arthour and of Merlin*.—This long and curious romance may be, perhaps, the *Gret Gest of Arthour*, ascribed by Wintoun to Hutcheon of the Awle Royale. It contains all the earlier history of King Arthur, and the chivalry of the Round Table, but is left unconcluded by the author, or transcriber. The MS. is complete in fifty-six folios, beginning,

Jesu Christ, heven king,
 Al ous grant gode ending,
 And Seinte Marie, that swete thing,
 To be at our beginning.

Printed for the Abbotsford Club, in “*Arthour and Merlin: a Metrical Romance, now first edited from the Auchinleck MS.*” Edinburgh, 1838, 4to, pp. xiii. 361.

xxxij.—fol. 256^b.

After *Arthour and Merlin*, occurs the beginning of a tale or romance, in half a column, but totally, and apparently purposely, defaced.

xxxij.—fol. 257–259.

No. 28. *How a Merchant did his Wife betray*.—This tale is published by Mr

Ritson in his *Ancient Pieces of Popular Poetry*. In our MS. it wants the beginning, occupies two folios, and part of a third. It concludes.

Ynough thai hadde of warldes wele,
 Togider thai lined yeres fele,
 Thai ferd miri, and so mot we,
 Amen, amen, par charité.

It is the same story with the *Groots worth of Wit*, and with the *Fabliau*, entitled *La Bourse pleine du sens*.

Printed in the present volume, as *A Penni worth of Witte*, p. 1.

xxxiiij.—fol. 259–260.

No. 29. *How our Leuedi Sauter was first founde*.—A miracle of the Virgin, complete in about one leaf and a half.

Leuedi swete and milde,
 For love of thine childe,
 Jesu ful of might,
 Me, that am so wilde,
 Fraun schame thou me schylde,
 Bi day and bi night.

Printed in the present volume, p. 97.

xxxv.—fol. 261–262.

No. 30. *Lai le Fraine*.—This lay professes to be of Armorican origin. The introductory verses are nearly the same with those of the romance of *Sir Orpheo*, printed by Mr Ritson in his collection of Metrical Romances, vol. ii. p. 248.

We redeth oft, and findeth y-write,
 And this clerkes wele it wite,
 Layes that ben in harping,
 Ben y-founde of ferli thing.

Two leaves; wants the conclusion.

Printed in Weber's Metrical Romances, vol. i. p. 357.

xxxvi.—fol. 263–267.

No. 31. *Roland and Ferragus*.—This account of the duel betwixt these two cele-

brated champions, the Orlando and Ferrau of Boiardo and Ariosto, is versified from a chapter in the *Pseudo-Turpin*; on five leaves, complete, except the beginning, contained on the leaf which had the conclusion of the former No. From the concluding stanza, it would seem that the following romance of *Otuel* was by the same author:

And al the folk of the lond
 For honour of Rouland,
 Thanked God old and young,
 And gede a processoun,
 With eroice and goinfaynoun,
 And *salve* miri song,
 Both widowe and wiif in place
 Thus thonked Godes grace.
 Al tho that speke with tong;
 To Otuel also gern,
 That was a Sarazin stern,
 Ful sone this word sprong.

Printed for the Abbotsford Club, in the volume, "The Romances of Rouland and Vernagu, and Otuel. From the Auchinleck Manuscript. Printed at Edinburgh, 1836." 4to, pp. xxvii, 84.

xxxvij.—fol. 268-277.

No. 32. *Otuel, a Knight*.—This is the history of a Saracen champion, who is converted to Christianity, and becomes a follower of Charlemagne. It is a very spirited romance, occupies ten folios, and wants the end.

Herkneth both yinge and old,
 That wellen heren of batailles bold,
 And ye wolle a while duelle,
 Of bold batailles I wolle ye telle.

Printed in the same volume with No. 31, for the Abbotsford Club.

. . . —fol. 278-279.

No. 33. Two leaves, containing a fragment of the great *Romance of Alexander*. It concludes,

Thus it ferth in the midlerd,
 Among the lewed and lerd,
 When that heued is y-falle,
 Accombred beth the membres alle.

Thus endeth Alisaunder the king,
 Gode ous grant his bliiseing.

.

This fragment is printed in the Appendix to the volume containing Nos. 31 and 32 of this List. The entire Romance of Kyng Alisaunder is contained in Weber's *Metrical Romances*, vol. i., from a MS. in the Library of Lincoln's Inn, collated with another in the Bodleian Library.

. . . —fol. 279^b.

No. 34. *The Throstle Cock and Nightingale* —A fragment, on half a page. They dispute upon the female character.

* * * * *

With blosme and with briddes roun.
 The notes of the hazel springeth,
 The dewes derken in the dale,
 The notes of the nightingale,
 This foules miri siugeth.

This fragment is printed in Leyden's *Introduction to the Complaynt of Scotland*, p. 159. It seems to be a translation of a lay in the Digby MS., beginning "Ly commence le cuntent par entre le Mavis et Rossignole."

Printed in the present volume, p. 45.

. . . —fol. 280^a.

No. 35. One column, containing a *Religious Fragment*, which concludes.

Jhesu Crist ous above,
 Thou grant ous for thi Moder love,
 At our lives ende,
 When we hau rightes of the preste.
 And the deth be at our brest,
 The soule mot to Heuen wende.

Printed in the present volume, p. 119.

. . . —fol. 280^a & ^b.

No. 36. *David the King*.—A poetical paraphrase of texts from the *Psalms*, complete in a page and a half. (See *supra*, p. x.)

Miscere mei Deus, &c.
 Lord God, to thee we calle,
 That thou have merci on ous alle.

Printed in the present volume, p. 76.

lj.—fol. 281–299.

No. 37. *The Romance of Sir Tristrem*.—occupies nineteen leaves, and wants the conclusion. Printed first in a separate volume, Edinburgh, 1803, royal 8vo; and subsequently included in the collected edition of Sir Walter Scott's Poetical Works.

lij.—fol. 300–303.

No. 38. *King Orfeo*.—This is the story of Orpheus and Eurydice converted into a romance of Faëry. Mr Ritson has published this romance in his collection, but from a copy widely different, and in some respects inferior to this of which we are treating. Large extracts from the latter may be found in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, 3d edit. vol. ii. p. 138, *et sequen*. It is nearly complete in three and a half leaves, and begins,

Orfeo was a king
 In Inglonde, an heighe lordinge,
 A stalworth man and hardi bo,
 Large and curteys he was also;
 His fader was comen of King Pluto,
 And his moder of King (Quene) Juno,
 That sum time were as godes y-hold,
 For aentours that thai dede and tolde.

It is avowed, in the conclusion, to be a lay of Bretagne:

Harpours in Bretaine after than
 Herd hou this mervaille bigan,
 And made her of a lay of gode likeing,
 And nempned it after the king.
 That lay Orfeo is y-hote,
 Gode is the lay, swete is the note:
 Thus com Sir Orfeo out of his care,
 God graunt ous alle wele to fare.

Printed by the present Editor, in a volume, "Select Remains of the Ancient Popular Poetry of Scotland." Edinburgh, 1822, small 4to.

‡ liij.—fol. 303^a & b.

No. 39. *A Moral Poem*.—Complete in three columns.

The siker sothe who so sayes,
With dwl dreye we our dayes,
And walk mani wil wayes,
As wandrand wighthes.

Printed in the volume "Owain Miles," &c. Edinb. 1837.

liij.—fol. 304–317.

No. 40. *Liber Regum Angliæ*.—A chronicle of the kings of England, from Brutus downward, complete in thirteen folios and a half. The rubric runs thus:

Here may men rede, who so can,
Hou Ingland first bigan,
Men mow it finde in Englische,
As the Brout it telleth Y wis.

The work begins.

Herkeneth hiderward, lordinges,
Ȝe that wil here of kinges,
Ichil you tellen as Y can,
How Ingland first bigan.

The author dwells upon the remote and fabulous parts of the English history, but glides swiftly over the later reigns. He appears to have concluded his history during the minority of Edward III., and probably about the time when the Auchinleck MS. was written. The concluding paragraph begins,

Now Jhesu Crist and seynt Richard,
Save the yong king Edward,
And gif him grace his lond to yeme,
That it be Jhesu Crist to queme, &c.

Explicit Liber Regum Angliæ.

Printed from a MS. in the British Museum, in Ritson's "Ancient English Metrical Romances," vol. ii. p. 270.

liij.—fol. 317^b–323.

No. 41. *Horn Childe and Maiden Rimnild*.—Six leaves and a half: wants the conclusion.

Mi leve frende dere,
 Herken and ye may here,
 And ye wil understonde,
 Stories ye may lere
 Of our elders that were
 Whilom in this lond.

This poem, as well as a more ancient edition, is published by Mr Ritson, in his *Metrical Romances*, vol. ii. p. 91–155. It has since been printed for the Bannatyne Club, along with the French Original, “*Horn et Rimenhild: Recueil de ce qui reste des Poèmes relatifs à leurs Aventures, composés en François, en Anglois, et en Ecossois, &c., publié par Francisque Michel.*” A Paris. 1845,” 4to. pp. lxiv. 459.

lv.—fol. 324–325.

No. 42. *A Fragment in Praise of Women*.—Upon two folios: wants the beginning.

Chosen thai be to manes fere,
 O night in armes for to wende,
 Gif ani man may it here,
 Of a scherewe that wil Women shende,
 I speke for hem, &c.

This is printed by Dr Leyden, in the *Complaynt of Scotland*, Introduction. p. 61; and more fully in the present volume. p. 107.

lvi.—fol. 326–327.

No. 43. The beginning of the *Romance of Richard Cœur de Lion*,—on two leaves, all the rest destroyed.

Lord Jhesu king of glorie,
 Swiche aentours and swiche victorie,
 Thou sentest King Richard.
 Miri it is to heren his storie,
 And of him to han in memorie,
 Than never no was coward.

Printed in the volume “*Owain Miles*,” &c. Edinb. 1837.—For a notice of another fragment of this identical MS. see *supra*, p. x. The entire Romance is published in Weber’s *Metrical Romances*, vol. ii. pp. 1–278.

. . . —fol. 328–334.

No. 44. A satire, entitled the *Simonie*, in seven folios, wanting the conclusion.

It is a larger, and apparently somewhat an older hand than the Auchinleck MS.: the head of the Saxon character expressing *th* being prolonged above the line, whereas, in the rest of the volume, it is on a level with it. From circumstances of internal evidence, the poem may be ascribed to the reign of Edward II. (1307—1327). It alludes to the degraded state of the national character, to the famine and murrain among the cattle, all of which afflicted the reign of that miserable prince. The satire begins,

Whii war and wrake in londe, and manslaht is i-come,
 Whii hungger and derthe on eorthe, the pore hath vndernome.
 Whii bestes ben thus storve, whii corn hath ben so dere,
 So that wolen abide, listneth and ye muwen here,
The skile.
 I nelle lighen for no man, herkne whoso wile.

The author laments the corruption of the church, and the arts by which preferment was obtained. He then mentions the degeneracy of the knights, who had become “lions in hall, and hares in the field.” Of the squires he observes,

And nu nis no squier of pris in this middel erd,
 But if that he here a habel and a long berd,
 And swere Godes soule, and vuwe to God an hote;
 But sholde he for eueri fals vth lese kirtel or kote,
Neue
 He sholde stonde start naked twyse a daye or eue.

 Godes soule is al day sworn, the kniif stant astrout.
 And thouh the botes be torn, yit wole he maken hit stout.
 The hod hangeth on his brest, as he wolde spewe therinne,
 And shortliche al his contrefaiture is colour of sinne
And host.
 To wrath the God and paien the fend hit serveth aller-most.

The beard and the hood will remind my readers of the rhyme made by the Scottish during the reign of Edward II.

Long beards heartlesse,
 Painted hoods witlesse,
 Gay coates graceless,
 Make Englande thriftlesse.

The author also alludes to the hardness of the seasons, and to the dreadful famine which occurred in 1315; to the disease among the horned cattle which followed in 1316; to the mortality which took place about the same time; and, finally, to the bloody civil wars betwixt Edward II. and his barons, in which was spilled the noblest blood of England.

Sir Walter Scott concludes: Such are the contents of the Auchinleck MS. I once meditated to have given interest to the Catalogue, by a more detailed account of some of the romances which it contains; but the attempt is rendered unnecessary by the lately published *Collection of Specimens selected from the English Metrical Romances*, by Mr Ellis, (in 1805, and again in 1811, 3 vol. post 8vo.) the elegant historian of our early poetry.

A Penni worth of Witte.

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f. 257. **O**F a chaunce Ichil 3ou telle
That whilom in this lond bi felle
Ones it was a Marchaunde riche
No whar nas non his liche
Of gold`t of warldes winne
In the cite that he wond inne
A gode woman he gan fpoufe
And brought hir to his houle
Bletheliche fche dede al that he fede
And alle her loue on him fche leyde
The godeman was stoute`t gay
And bi another wenche he lay
He gan to louen hir als his liif
And told litel of his owen Wiif
To his Leman anough he fond
Of alle the riches of the lond
Kercheues of filke`t robes of priis
Y furroude with ~~mane~~ vair`t griis

A Penni worth of Witte.

Gerlondes of gold ⁊ perles bright
 Al fo a leuedi ſche was dight 20
 Of his Wiif toke he non hede
 Hou ſimpleliche that ſche ȝede
 Euerich day elad him bifore
 That hye ſpent him thought for lore

The Marchaunde ouer the ſe is went
 Bot firſt to his Leman he fent
 For to wite of hir anſwere
 What clothes ſche wald were
 And what juwels ſche wold haue bought
 Bot to his wiif no ſeyd he nought 30
 So it bitidde as it be ſehold
 The Marchaunde ouer the ſe wold
 His Wiif to ſcorn he bigan
 And dede as a nice man
 Icham dight ⁊ made ȝare
 Ouer the ſe now to fare

¶ Dame haſtow the bi-thought
 What juwels thou wilt haue bought
 Ȝif thou wilt haue ani for me
 Thou moſt me reche gode mone 40

¶ Sir ſche ſeyd bi Sein Jon
 Plente of filuer no haue y non
 That y might wele ſpare
 Bot ſone fir fo ȝe com thare
 Haue a fair pani here
 And as ȝe be mi trewe fere
 Bi ther with a Peni worth Witt
 And in thine hert faſt it knitt

A Penni worth of Witte. 3

When thou comest hom fo God me spede
Wele y wil quite the thi mede 50
The Marchaunde wende his Wiif weren madde
For the pani that sche him badde
Loth him was that filuer for gon
In his hond he tok it anon
And al off scorn atte last
The peni in his purs he cast
At sehort wordes with outen mo
He lepe on hors t went hir fro
¶ The Marchaunde hadde winde ful gode
And passed the salt flode 60
Beyond se when he was come
Anon he hath his conseil nome
To bigge of the fairest ware
For no filuer nold he spare
Er than he hadde rest
He bought his leman of the best
Noble jwels t atire
As ani leuedy wald desire
Bot his Wiif that was gode t trewe
He no bought noither eld no newe 70
When he hadde alle this ware y-bought
After soper he sat t thought
Anon he feyd to his knaue
O thing forgotten now we haue
We moten bi thinken ous bett
Our dames peni is vn bifett
What an ernest t a game
Ther of we ben bothe to blame

A Penni worth of Witte.

An Eld man ther in fat
 His wordes wele vnderſat 80
 And in his hert he thought anon
 That ſum thing ther was miſgon
 The eld man was wiſe of lore
 And thought for to wite more
 As thai dronken win^t ale
 He gan rehers better her tale
 Marchaunde feyd the old man par charite
 Telle that ich aſke now the
 f. 257. ^b What wald thi wiif an y-bought
 Say me ſothe ^t gabbe nought 90
 And y ſchal felle the worth a pani
 ¶if that thou wilt bigge ani
 Sayd the Marchaunde fikerliche
 Here ſchal riſe a fair beuerege
 Quath the Marchaunde bi Godes boke
 Mi Wiif a pani me bi toke
 To bigge ther with a pani worth Witt
 And in min hert faſt it knitt
 Sehe ſwore al fo God hir ſpede
 Sehe wald quite me mi mede 100
 Marchaunde quath the old man bi thi liif
 Haſtow ani leman bot thi wiif
 The Marchaunde anſwerd him aloude
 For of his leman he was proude
 ¶e he feyd fo mot y thrine
 On that is worth ſwicke fine
 Oe quath the old man ^t lough
 That ich ouer trowed wele anough

A Penni worth of Witte. 5

Bot right for sothe niȝt ich it nought
Er thi seken it hadde out y-brought 110

Bot now ich wot how it is

Y schal selle to the y-wis

A Peni worth of Wifdome

That schal bere witnesse of thi grome

Wele better than thi pani be

Ȝif thou wilt don after me

Ȝis feyd the Marchaunde bi the Rode

Ȝif i h finde thi conseil gode

When thou hast don in schip thi ware

And thou art redi ouer to fare 120

And thow be in ȝour haven y-brought

Loke that thou forȝete it nought

A poner wede do the opon

Al so thou no haddeſt other non

And wende to thi lemannes inne

And forelike thou biginne

And dreri chere make hir bifore

And fay thou hast thi gode forlore

And fay thou hast a man y-flawe

Thou no darſt abide londes lawe 130

And aske thi leman ȝif seke might

Herberwe the this ich niȝt

And elles thou moſt fle out of lond

And right thus thou schalt hir fond

When thou woſt thi lemannes wille

Hom to thi Wiif wende ful stille

And al so to thine owen spouse

Telle of thi chaunce meruailouſe

A Penni worth of Witte.

And avise the wele ⁊ take gode hede
 Whether thou findest better at nede 140
 Other thi leman other thi wiue
 And to hir hold thou al thi liue
 For tray wil cost swithe miche
 For to atire richeliche
 And on wil finde enough ⁊ more
 Of the gamen vnder the gore
 The Marchaunde feighe ⁊ vnderfode
 That his conseile was wife ⁊ gode
 Eld man wele mot thou fare
 Hauē here thi peni Ichaue mi ware 150
 The Marchaunde bought vp that he wold
 Silke ⁊ cendel ⁊ clothes of gold
 Sone after gode winde God him sent
 Hom to his cuntre he went
 ¶ The Marchaunde forȝat him nought
 When he was in hauen y-brought
 To don so theldman him badde
 And so bifore hath him radde
 He dede on him a pouer wede
 To his lemannes in he ȝede 160
 At the gate he knocked anon
 His leman bad hir maiden gon
 To wite who was atte ȝate
 And knocked so ther ate
 The Marchaunde bete so hard ⁊ fast
 That in he come atte last
 On iuel deth mot fehe dye
 His leman loked out with hir eighe

A Penni worth of Witte. 7

For sche feighe him so iuel dight
 In to hir chaumber hye flirt an hight 170
 And schette the dore with the pinne
 For he no schuld nought com ther inne
 Maiden quath the Marchaund anon
 To mi leman thou most gon
 Pray er gif hir wille be
 That sche com t speke with me
 f. 258. For al the lone that hath y-be
 Bitvix mi leman t me
 The maiden in to chaumber ranne
 To hir leuedi sche feyd thanne 180
 Madame thi leman gent t fre
 Is comen hom fro beyond the fe
 And stont in hall iuel dight
 And that me reweth bi God Almighty
 And praieth the hastow art hende
 Com speke with him, er than he wende
 Cristes curs com on her mold
 Sche anwerd as a schrewe schold
 Go thou sche feyd to him wel stille
 And bidde him telle the his wille 190
 And fay to him with outhen mis
 That I scham iuel at ese y-wis
 That Y ne may thei he were mi brother
 Speke with him no with non other
 The maiden in to halle trade
 And told him so the leuedi badde
 Sir mi leuedi feyt with outhen les
 That sche is so iuel at ese

A Penni worth of Witte.

And bad thou schult me thi wille fayn
Sweteing to the leuedi wende oghain 200

Say hir mi gode is al agon
And y no haue spending non
For y no hadde neuer er nede
Ichaue y don a forweful dede
In a cuntek^t a striif

For rest a gentil man his liif
Say hir Ichaue a man y-flawe
Y no dar abide no londes lawe
Pray mi leman gif seche might
Herberwe me this ich night 210
In a chaumber priue^t derne
Other ich must fle now al so 3erne

¶ Tho that his Leman this wordes herd
Wel schrewelich seche anwerd
Gif he haue lorne his catelle
That he schuld with bie^t felle
Dat het who ther fore wepe
Of him no more y no kepe
Say I me self schal bot he fle
Swithe gon in to the cite 220

And do the kinges bailifes come
And hastiliche he schal be nome
And in a strong prifoun be cast
And be an honged atte last

¶ Forth went that maiden final
And teld him this wordes alle
Fle gif thou wilt thi liif haue
For thi leman nil the nought faue

A Penni worth of Witte. 9

Mi leuedi hath her oth y-fworn
 Bi him that was in Bedelem born 230
 That sche nil do the no focour
 Noither in foler no in bour
 No ben y founde with fwiche trefoun
 For to sustene the kinges feloun

¶ Stille he stode anwerd he nought
 As man that is in gret thought
 He thought ferther for to gon
 For help no fond he ther right non
 Sum better solance for to finde
 For ther was comfort al bihinde 240
 The Marchaunde duelled no wight
 Hom to his hous he went right
 He went him forth in to his halle
 In a pouer atire with alle
 His gode Wiif stode ʒ him biheld
 And in hir armes sche him feld
 For sche feize him clothed so thinne
 Sche ladde him the chaumber withinne
 And with gode hert sone anon
 A newe robe sche dede him on 250
 And feyd Sir welcome ʒe be
 Hou haue ʒe farn biʒond fe

¶ The Marchaunde to his Wiif spak
 Dame in foule storm our schippe brak
 Ther was mi gode al bi-nome
 Thus pouer Icham to the come
 Helpe me dame ʒif that thou wilt
 A gentil man Ichauē y-spilt

A Penni worth of Witte.

Y dar no londes lawe abide
 Y pray the dame thatow me hide 260
 In a chaumber prime ⁊ derne
 Or Ich mot fle now al so ȝerne
 Nay ſche ſaid Mi leman hende
 Ȝete ſchaltow nought fro me wende
 f. 258. ^b Sche wepe wel fore anon right
 And comfort him with al hir might
 Thei thou haue lorn this warldes wele
 Therfore murn thou nought to fele
 No nothing wepe thou to fore
 He that ſent that may ſende more 270
 Sir ȝete Ichane ſexti pounde
 Of ȝours ⁊ mine of ȝans rounde
 And ar this day a fourtennight
 The ſiluer ſchal be wide y-dight
 And Y me ſelf with outen duelling
 Fare y wil to the King
 Biſorn him ⁊ ek his Quen
 Falle opon mi bare knen
 And y no ſchal neuer ſes
 Til Ichane purchaced thi pes 280
 ¶ And when Ichane thi pes y-maked
 Thei we ben bothe moder naked
 Y ⁊ mi maiden ſchal ſwete ⁊ ſwinke
 And win the clothes mete ⁊ drink
 With brewing bakeing ⁊ other chaffare
 Ther fore Sir thaſt the nought care
 Ar to day ſeuen ȝer ⁊ God to fore
 We ſchul be richer than we were ore

A Penni worth of Witte. 11

• The Marchaunde feighe ⁊ vnder fode
 His wines confeil was trewe ⁊ gode 290
 And for the folas that hye him made
 He thought hir hert for to glade
 No thing dame wex thine hert cheld
 It nis nought fo as y the teld
 Bi Him that this world wan
 ⁊ete no flough y neuer man
 Nis nought mi catel al agon
 ⁊ete Ichane wel gode won
 Y-brought in to haueu hole ⁊ founde
 That is better than a thousand ponde 300
 No hath no man part ther in now
 Bot God of heuen ⁊ ich ⁊ tow
 Of this kepe y no more ⁊edde
 Bot clept ⁊ kist ⁊ ⁊ede to bedde

The Marchaunde aros tho it was day
 And dede on him a robe of fay
 A gode paliray he biſtrode
 And to his lemannes in he rode
 His Leman out at a windowe biheld
 And feighe him com ouer the feld 310
 And bi the prickeing ſche him knewe
 Sche dede on hir a robe newe
 And dight her richeliche with alle
 And com oghain him in to the halle
 Sone the Marchaunde was down y-light
 To him ſche ſtirt anon right
 And bi the fwere ſhe hath him nome
 And feyd Swete leman wel come

A Penni worth of Witte.

Er than ener the Marchaunde wift
 Tries or thries ſche him kiſt 320
 Thei we be kiſt ſche ſeyd anon
 Gete no be we nought al at on
 Icham wroth with the t̃ wele y may
 What nede was it me to aſay
 No woſton wele in thine entent
 Icham to thi comandment
 Bodi t̃ chatel al is thine
 Has no man elles part ther inne
 Thus ſche ſtroked his here t̃ made it tough
 And couraid faunel wele y-nough 330
 No quath the Marchaunde bi ſeyn Jon
 Gete no be we nought al at on
 Yt was me told biȝonde the ſe
 Alle the gode that y brought to the
 Another marchaunde thou haſt y ȝoue
 And haſt fro me turned thi loue
 Leman hye ſeyd now ſchaltow ſe
 That ſwiehe wordes les be
 And ſo ſchal thi grome als
 That ſwiehe tales ben fals 340
 This teld the thin old crate
 Sche ſpeketh me qued arliche t̃ late
 This was a leſing of dame crate thi wiif
 Jhūs Criſt ſo ſehort hir liif
 For were the crate leyd in mold
 Thai wiſt Ich wele that y ſchold
 Of the ener han mi wille
 Arliche t̃ late loude t̃ ſtille

A Penni worth of Witte. 13

Sche fprad a kanenas on the flore
 That was bothe gret flore 350
 And brought forth her riche thinges
 Broches of gold & riche ringes
 f. 259. Sextene fchetes milk white
 Viij. chalounns & v. couerlite
 Other juwels mani on told
 Mafers riche coupes of gold
 Now mizt tow leue & wite & fe
 Dame old crate thi wiif other me
 The Marchaunde al this gode biheld
 And in the canenas togider it feld 360
 And dede it in a wide fak
 And flonge it at his gromes bak
 Heighe the bilue mi gode grome
 To mi Wiif bere this home
 Bid hir that fehe kepe it wele
 For Ich it bought enerich dele
 His Leman ftode & loked on him tho
 And at hir hert hir was ful wo
 Leman fehe feyd artow wroth
 To greue the it war me loth 370
 3if Ich haue ani thing midleyde
 For lone it be down y-leyde
 And lete this gode duelle here ftille
 No might thou it feche at thi wille
 The Marchaunde oghain to hir fayd
 Of hir falshed gan hir abrayd
 Y was y-taught me the to afaye
 No fehaltow neuer eft me bitraye

A Penni worth of Witte.

Ne after me felf bi Godes ore
No tharf the loke neuer more 380

He lepe on hors at wordes fewe
And priked fro that fals felhewe
He rode him hom to his houle
And cleped forth his leue fpoufe
And laid the fak on the flore
That was michel riche ⁊ flore
Lo dame he feyd bi mi chaffare
Ichaue y-brought thi Peni worth ware
Bot the think it wele bi fett

Go bi ware another bett 390

The gode Wiif feighe al that riche thing
And thonked Ihu heuen kinge
That he hath the gode hom brought
And he hath turned his thought
To liue with hir in Godes lay
Blithe ⁊ glad fehe was that day
Ynough thai hadde of warldes wele
To gider thai lined ȝeres fele
Thai ferd miri ⁊ fo mot we
Amen Amen par charite. 400

Florice and Blancheflour.

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f. 100. **I** NE kan telle 3ou nowt
Hou richeliche the fadel was wrount
The arfouns wer gold pur and fin
Stones of vertu fet ther in
Bigon abouten with orfreis
The Quen was hende and curteis
She cast her hond to hire fingre
And drough ther of a riche ringe
Haue now Sone here this ring
While thou hit last doute the no thing 10
Ne fir the brenne ne drenchen in fe
Ne iren ne stel schal derie the
And be hit erli and be hit late
To thi wille thou schalt haue whate
Weping thai departed nouthie
And kiste hem with softe mounthe
Thai made for him non othel chere
Than thai feghe him ligge on bere
¶ Nou forht thai mine with alle main
Him self and his chaumberlain 20

Florice and Blauncheflour.

So longe thai han undernome
 To the hauene thai beth i-come
 Ther Blauncheflour lai a night
 Richeliche thai were i-dight
 The louerd of the hous was wel hend
 The child he fette next his hende
 In the althrest fairest fete
 Gladliche thai dronke and ete
 Alle that ther inne were
 Al thai made glade chere 30
 And ete and dronk echon with other
 Ae Florice thoughte all another
 Ete ne drinke mighte he nought
 On Blauncheflour was al his thought
 The leuedi of the hous underzat
 Hou this child mourning fat
 And feide here louerd with still dreme
 Sire 3e said minstou no 3eme
 Hou this child mourning fit
 Mete and drink he for3it 40
 Litol he eteth and lasse he drinketh
 He nis no marchant as me thinketh
 ¶ To Florice than spak 3he
 Child ful of mourning y the fe
 Thous fat her inne this enderdai
 Blauncheflour that fair mai
 Her inne was that maiden bowght
 And ouer the fe fche was i-browght
 Her inne thai bought that maiden swete
 And wille her eft felle to bighete 50

Florice and Blaunche flour. 17

To Babiloyne thai wille hire bring
And felle hire to kaifar other to king
Thou art ilich here of alle thinge
Of semblant t̃ of mourning
Bot thou art a man t̃ she is a maide
Thous the wif to Florice faide

¶ Tho Florice herde his lemman neuene
So blithe he was of that steuene
That his herte bigan al light
A coupe of gold he let fulle right 60
Dame he faide this haill is thin
Bothe the gold t̃ the win
Bothe the gold t̃ the win eke
For thou of mi lemman speke
On hir I thout for here isight
And wist Ich wher hire finde might
Ne scholde no weder me affoine
That I ne schal here seeche at Babiloine

¶ Florice rest him there al night
Amorewe whanne hit was dai light 70
He dide him in the false fiod
Wind t̃ weder he hadde ful god
To the mariners he gaf largeliche
That broughten him ouer bletheliche
To the londe thar he wold lende
For thai founden him so hende
Sone so Florice com to londe
Wel ȝerne he thankede Godes fonde
To the londe ther his lemman is
Him thoughte he was in paradis 80

Florice and Blaunchefflour.

- ¶ Wele fone men Florice tiddingges told
 The Amerail wolde fette hold
 And kinges ⁊ dukes to him come fcholde
 Al that of him holde wolde
 For to honure his heghe fette
 And al fo for to heren his heste
 Tho Florice herde this tiding
 Than gan him glade in alle thing
- f. 100^b. And in his herte thoughte he
 That he wolde at that fette be 90
 For wel he hopede in the halle
 His leman fen among hem alle
- ¶ So longe Florice hath undernome
 To a fair cite he is i-come
 Wel faire men hath his in inome
 Afe men fcholde to a kinges fone
 At a palais was non him iliche
 The louerd of the hous was wele riche
 And god inow him com to honde
 Bothe bi water and be londe 100
 Florice ne fparede for no fe
 Inow that there ne fcholde be
 Of fiffe of flefch of tendre bred
 Bothe of whit win and of red
 The louerd hadde ben wel wide
 The child he fette bi his fide
 In the alther ferfte fete
 Gladliche thai dronke ⁊ etc
 Ac Florice et an drank right nowt
 On Blaunchefflour was al in thought 110

Florice and Blauncheffour. 19

¶ Than biſpak the burgeis
That hende was fre and curteys
Child me thinkketh ſwithe wele
Thi thout is mochel on thi catel
Nai on mi catel is hit nought
On othe[r] think is al mi thought
Mi thought is on alle wyfe
Mochel on mi merchaundife
And ȝit that is mi meſte wo
Ȝif Ich hit finde't ſchal forgo 120

¶ Thanne ſpak the loured of that inne
Thous ſat this other dai her inne
That fare maide Blauncheffour
Bothe in halle and ek in bour
Euere ȝhe made mourning chere
And biment Florice her leue fere
Joie ne bliſs ne hadde ȝhe none
And on Florice was al here mone
Florice het mine a coupe of filuer whight
And a mantel of ſcarlet 130
Ipaned al with meniuer
And ȝaf his hoſteſſe ther
Haue this ȝhe ſaide to thine honour
And thou hit myglite thonke Blauncheffour
Stolen ȝhe was out mine countreie
Here Ich ere ſeche by the waie
He mighte mak min herte glad
That couthe me telle whider ȝhe was lad
¶ Child to Babiloyne ȝhe his ibrought
And Ameral hire had ibought 140

Florice and Blaunche flour.

He gaf for hire afe ȝhe stod upright
 Senen fithes here gol[d] of wight
 For hire faired and for hire felere
 The Ameral hire bowghte fo dere
 For he thinketh with outen wene
 That fare mai to hauen to quene
 Amang other maidenens in his tour
 He hath hire ido with mochel honour

¶ Nou Florice reft him there al night
 On morewe whan hit was dai light 150
 He aros up in the moreweninge
 And gaf his hofte an hondred fehillinge
 To his hofst and to hes hofteffe
 And nam his leue't gan hem keffe
 And ȝerne he had his ofteffe bifought
 That ȝhe him helpe ȝif ȝhe mought
 Hou he mighte with fun ginne
 The fair maiden to him awinne

¶ Child to one brigge thou shalt come 160
 A burgeis thou findeft ate frome
 His paleis is ate brigges ende
 Curteis man he his and hende
 We beth wed brethren and trewth the iplight
 He the can wiſſen and renden aright
 Thou ſehalt beren him a ring
 Fram mi felue in tokning
 That he the helpe in eche helue
 So hit were bifalle mi felue
 Florice tok the ring and nam his leue
 For there no leng wold he bileue 170

Florice and Blaunche flour. 21

Bi that his was vndren heghth
 The brigge he was swithe negth
 When he was to the brigge inome
 The burges he foud ate frome
 Stonded on a marbel fton

¶ Fair man and hende he was on

f. 101. The burgeis was i hote daye
 Florice him grette swithe faire
 And hath him the ring irawt
 And wel faire him bitawt 180
 Thourgh tokning of that ilke ring
 Florice hadde there god gefuining
 Of fiefhs of flefch of tendre bred
 Bothe of whit win and of red
 Ac euere Florice fighte ful cold
 And Darys gau him bihold

¶ Leue child what mai the be

Thous carfoul as I the fe
 I wene thou nart nowt al fer
 That thou makeft thous doelful cher 190
 Other the liketh nowt thin in
 Nou Florice answered him
 ¶ Is fire bi Godes hore
 So god ine hadde zore
 God late me bide thilke dai
 That ich the zelde mai
 Ac I thenke in alle wife
 Wpon min owen marchaundife
 Wherefore Ich am hider come
 Left I ne finde hit nowt ate frome 200

Florice and Blaunche flour.

And ȝit is that mi meſte wo
 Ȝif ich it finde and ſchal forgo
 ¶ Child woldeſt thou tel me thi gref
 To helpe the me were ful lef
 Nou euerich word he had him told
 Hou the maide was fram him fold
 And hou he was of Speyne a kinges ſone
 And for hire loue thider icome

For to foud with ſom giunne
 That faire maide to biwinne 210
 Daris non that childe bihalt
 And for a fol he him halt
 Child he ſeith I ſe hou goth
 I wiſ thou ȝerneſt thin owen deth

¶ Th'Ameral hath to his iuſtening
 Other half hondred of riche king
 That alther richeſt kyng
 Ne dorſte beginne ſwich a thing
 For mighte th'Ameral hit underȝete
 Sone thou were of line quite 220
 Abouten Babiloine withouten wene
 Sexti longe miȝen and tene
 And ate walle thar beth ate
 Seuē ſithe twenti ȝate
 Twenti touris ther beth inne
 That euerich dai cheping is inne
 Nis no dai thurg the ȝer
 That ſheping nis therinne plener
 An hundred toures alſo ther to
 Beth in the borewe and ſomdel mo 230

Florice and Blaunche flour. 23

That aldereft febleft tour
Wolde kepe an emperour
To comen al ther with inne
Noither with firengthe ne with ginne
¶ And thei alle the men that beth ibore
Adden hit up here deth is whore
Thai ſcholde winne the mai fo ſone
As fram the heuene beth the ſonne ⁊ mone
As in the bourgh amide the right
Ther ſtart a riche a tour the aplight 240
A thouſang taifen be his heihe
Wo ſo it bi alt wit fer ⁊ naggene
And an hundres taifes he is wid
And imaked with mochel prid
Of lim and of marbel ſton
In criſtience nis ſuich non
And the mortar is maked ſo wel
No mai no man hit breke with no ſtel
And the pomel aboue the led
Is iwrout with ſo moche red 250
That men ne ferren a night berne
Neither torche ne lanterne
Swiche a pomel was neuer bigonne
Hit ſehineth a night fo a dai doth the ſone
¶ Non beth therinne that riche toure
Four and twenty maidenen bour
So wel were that ilke man
That mighte woenen in that an
Now thougt him neuere ful iwis
Willen after more bliſſe 260

Florice and Blaunheflour.

Nou beth the feriaunts in the stage
 To feruen the maidenens of parage
 Ne mai no feriaunt be ther inne
 That in his brech bereth thei ginne

f. 101^b. Neither bi dai ne bi night

But he be afe capoun dight

¶ And at the gate is a gateward

He nis no fol ne no coward

Ȝif the cometh ani man

With inne that ilche barbican 270

But hit be bi his leue

He wille him bothe bete and reue

The porter is proud with alle

Euerich dai he goth in palle

And the Amerail is so wonder agome

That euerich ȝer hit is his wone

To chefen him a newe wif

And whan he a newe wif under fo

He knaweth hou hit schal be do

Than scholle men felleche doun of the stage 280

Alle the maidenens of parage

An brenge hem in to on orchard

The fairest of al middlehard

Ther is foulen foug

Men mighte libben ther among

Aboute the orchard goth a walle

The werste ston is cristal

Ther man mai sen on the ston

Mochel of this werldes wifdom

¶ And a welle ther springeth inne 290

Florice and Blaunche flour. 25

That is wrowt with mochel ginne
 The welle is of mochel pris
 The streem com fram Paradis
 The gravel in the grounde of preciouſe ſtone
 And of vertu iwis echone
 Of ſaphires and of fardoines
 Of oneches and of calidoinis
 Nou is the waie of ſo mochel eye
 Ȝif the cometh ani maiden that is forleie
 And hi bowe to the grounde 300
 For to waſchen hire honde
 The water wille ȝelle als hit ware wode
 And bicom on hire ſo red ſo blod
 ¶ Wich maiden the water ſareth on ſo
 Hi ſchal ſone be fordo
 And thilke that beth maidenis clene
 Thai mai hem waſſche of the rene
 The water wille erne ſille and cler
 Nelle hit hem make no daunger
 ¶ At the welle heued ther ſtant a tree 310
 The faireſt that mai in erthe be
 Hit is icleped the tre of loue
 For floures and bloſmes beth euer aboue
 And thilke that clene maidenis be
 Men ſchal hem bringe under that tre
 And wich ſo falleth on that flour
 Hi ſchal ben choſen quen with honour
 And ȝif ther ani maiden is
 That th'Amerail halt of meſt pris
 The flour ſchal on here be went 320

Florice and Blaunchefflour.

Thurgh art and thourgh enchantement
 Thous he cheseth thourgh the flour
 And euere we herkneth when hit be Blaunchefflour
 Thre sitlies Florice fwouned nouthe
 Er he mighte speke with monthe
 Sone he awok and speke might
 Sore he wep and fore he fight
 Darie he faide Ich worht ded
 Both Ich haue of the helpe and red

¶ Lene child ful wel I fe 330

That thou wilt to dethe te
 The best red that I can
 Other red I ne can
 Wende to morewe to the tour
 Ase thou were a god ginour
 And nim in thin honds squir `t scantiloun
 Als thai thou were a mafoun
 Bihold the tour up and down
 The porter is coluard `t feloun
 Wel fone he wil com to the 340
 And aske what misfer man thou be
 And ber upon the felonie
 And saie thou art comen the tour aspie

¶ Thou shalt answeren him swetelich
 And speke to him wel undelich
 And saie thou art a ginour
 To biheld that ilehe tour
 And for to lerne `t for to fonde
 To make another in thi loude
 Wel fone he wil com the ner 350

Florice and Blaunche flour. 27

And bidde the plaien at the seker
 To plaien he wil be wel fous
 E. 102. And to winen of thin wel coueitous
 When thou art to the seker brought
 Withouten pans ne plai thou nowt
 ¶ Thou shalt haue redi mitte
 Thritti mark under thi flitte
 And gif he winne ought al thin
 Al leue thou hit with him
 And gif thou winne ought of his 360
 Thou lete ther of ful litel pris
 Wel ȝerne he wille the bidde t praie
 That thou come amorewe t plaie
 Thou schalt figge thou wilt so
 And min with the a-morewe swich two
 And euer thou shalt in thin owen wolde
 Thi golde cop with he at holde
 That ilke self coppe of golde
 That was for Blaunche flour iȝolde [370
 The thridde daie bere with the an hondred pond
 And thi coppe al hol and fond
 Gif him markes and pans fale
 Of thi mone tel thou no tale
 Wel ȝerne he the wille bidde t praie
 That thou legge thi coupe to plaie
 Thou schalt answeren him ate first
 No lenger plai thou ne list
 Wel moche he wil for thi coupe bede
 Gif he mighte the better spede
 Thou schalt bletheliche ȝinen hit him 380

Florice and Blaunche flour.

Thai hit be gold pur and fin
 And fai me thinketh hit wel bifemeth the
 Thai hit were worth fwiche thre

¶ Sai also the ne faille non
 Gold ne feluer ne riche won
 And he wil thanne fo mochel loue the
 That thou hit schalt bothe ihere and fee
 That he wil falle to thi fot
 And bicomc thi man gif he mot
 His manred thou schalt afonge 390
 And the trewthe of his honde
 Gif thou might thous his loue winne
 He mai the helpe with fom ginne

¶ Nou also Florice hath iwrowt
 Also Darie him hath itawt
 Thar thourgh his gold and his garfome
 The porter is his man bicomc
 Nou quath Florice thou art mi man
 And al mi trest is the upan
 Non thou might wel ethe 400
 Arede me fram the dethe
 And euerich word he hath him told
 Hou Blaunche flour was fram him fold
 And hou he was of Spaine a kynges sone
 And for hire loue thider icome
 To fond with fom ginne
 The maiden agen to him winne

¶ The porter that herde t fore sighte
 Icham bitraied thourȝ righte
 Thourȝ thi catel Icham bitraid 410

Florice and Blaunche flour. 29

And of mi lif Ich am definaid
Nou Ich wot child hou hit geth
For the Ich drede to tholie deth
And natheles Ich ne sehal the neuere faile mo
Ther whiles Inai ride or go
Thi foreward ich wil helden alle
What so wille bitide or falle
Wende thou hom into thin in
Whiles I think of fom ginne
Bitwene this and the thridde dai 420
Don ich wille that I mai

¶ Florice spak and wep among
That ilche terme him thoughte wel long
The porter thoughte what to rede
He let floures gaderen in the mede
He wiste hit was the maidenes wille
Two coupen he let of floures fille
That was the red that he thought tho
Florice in that o coupe do
Twice gegges the coupe bere 430
So hem charged that wroth thai were
Thai bad God gif him eucl fin
That so mani floures dede ther in
Thider that thai weren ibede
Ne were thai nought aright birede
Ac thai turned in hire left hond
Blaunche flour es bour an hond
To Clarice bour the coupe thai bere
With the floures that ther inne were
There the coupe thai sette adoun 440

f. 102^b. And ȝafe him here malifounn
 That fo fele floures embroughte on honde
 Thai wenten forlit t leten the coppe ftonde
 ¶ Clarice to the coppe com and wolde
 The floures handleden and biholde
 Floriffe wende hit hadde ben his swet wight
 In the coupe he ftoode upright
 And the maid al for drede
 Bigan to fehrichten an to grede
 Tho ſche ſeghth hit nas noweh he 450
 In to the coupe he ſtirte aȝe
 And held him bitraied al elene
 Of his deth he ne ȝaf nowt abene
 There com to Clarice maidenes lepe
 Bi ten be twenti in one hepe
 And aſked what here were
 That hi makede fo loude bere
 Clarice hire underſtod anon right
 That hit was Blaunchefflour that ſwete wight
 For here boures negh were 460
 And felden that thai ueren ifere
 And aither of other counſeil thai wiſte
 And michel aither to other triſte
 Hii ȝaf hire maidenes anſwere anon
 That in to boure thai ſſcholden gon
 To this coupe Ich cam and wolde
 The floures handli and biholde
 Ac er ich hit euer wiſte
 A boterſleghe to ȝain me fluſte
 Ich was for adrad of than 470

Florice and Blaunche flour. 31

That flerichen and greden I bigan
The maidenes hadde ther of gle
And turned agene and lete Clarisse be
¶ So sone to the maidenes weren agon
To Blaunche flours bour Clarice wente anon
And faide leyende to Blaunche flour
Wilton fen a ful fair flour
Swiche a flour that the schal like
Haue thou fen hite a lite
Anoth dameisele quath Blaunche flour 480
To skorne me is litel honour
Ich ihere Clarice withoute gabbe
The Ameral wil me to wiue habbe
Ac thilke dai schal neuer be
That men schal at wite me
That I schal ben of lone untrew
Ne chaungi lone for non newe
For no loue ne for non cie
So doth Floris in his countreie
Nou schal fwete Florice misse 490
Schal non other of me haue blisse
¶ Clarice stant and bihalt that reuthe
And the treunesse of this treuthe
Leighande seche faide to Blaunche flour
Com non se that ilche flour
To the coupe thai ȝeden tho
Wel blifful was Florisse tho
For he had iherd al this
Out of the coupe he stirte iwis
Blaunche flour chaungede hewe 500

Florice and Blaunche flour.

Wel fone aither other knewe
 Withouten speche togidere thai lepe
 Thai clepte ⁊ kiste ⁊ eke wepe
 Hire cussing lafte amile
 And that hem thoughte litel while

¶ Clarice bihalt al this

Here countenance and here blis
 And leighende faide to Blaunche flour
 Felawe knouestou thou ought this flour
 Litel er noldest thou hit fe

510

And nou thou ne might hit lete fro the
 He moſte conne wel mochel of art
 That thou woldest ȝif therof ani part
 Bothe thiſe fwete thinges for blis
 Falleth down here ſet to kis
 And crieth hire merci al weping
 That ȝhe hem biwraie nowt to the king
 To the king that ȝhe hem nowt biwrei[th]e
 Wher thourgh thai were fiker to dethe

¶ Tho ſpak Clarice to Blaunche flour

520

Wordes ful of fin amour
 Ne doute ȝou nan more with alle
 Than to mi ſelf hit hadde biſalle
 White ȝhe wel wtterli
 That hele Ich wille ȝoure both druri
 To on bedde ȝhe hath hem ibrowt
 That was of ſilk ⁊ fendel wrought
 Thai ſette hem there wele ſofte adoun
 f. 103. And Clarice drowth the courtyn rown
 Tho began thai to clippe and kiſſe

530

Florice and Blaunchefflour. 33

And made joie and mochele blisse

¶ Florice ferst speke bigan

And faide Louered that madeft man

The I thanke godes fone

Nou al mi care ich haue ouercome

And nou ich haue mi lef i-founde

Of al mi kare ich am unbounde

Nou hath aither other i-told

Of mani a carfoul cold

And of mani pine ftronge 540

That thai han bene a two fo longe

Clarice hem feruede al to wille

Bothe dernelich and stille

Bot fo ne mighte 5he hem long i-wite

That hit ne felholde ben under 5ete

¶ Nou had the Ameral fwich a wone

That eueri dai ther felholde come

Thre maidenens out of hire bourre

To feruen him up in the toure

With water and cloth and baeyn 550

For to waffchen his hondes in

The thridde felholde bringge comb and mirour

To feruen him with gret honour

And thai that ferued him neuer fo faire

Amorewen felholde another paire

And meft was woned in to the tour

Ther to Clarice and Blaunchefflour

So longe him ferued the maidenens route

That hire feruice was comen aboute

On the morewen that thider com Florice 560

Florice and Blaunchefflour.

Hit fel to Blaunchefflour and to Clarice

¶ Clarice fo wele hire mote bitide

Aros up in the morewentide

And clepede after Blaunchefflour

To wende with here in to the tour

Blaunchefflour faid icham comende

Ac here answere was al fienende

Clarice in the wai is nome

And wende that Blaunchefflour had come

Sone fo Clarice com in the tour

570

The Ameral atked after Blaunchefflour

Sire 3he faid anon right

3he had i-waked al this night

And i-kneled and iloke

And i-rad upon hire boke

And bad to gode hire oreifoun

That he the 3ine his benifoun

And the helde long aliue

Nou fche fleepeth al fo fwithe

Blaunchefflour that maiden fwete

580

That hii ne mai nowt comen 3hete

¶ Certe faid the king

Nou is hi a fwete thing

Wel aughte Ich her 3erne to wine

Whenne 3he bit fo for mi line

Another dai Clarice arift

And hath Blaunchefflour atwift

Whi hi made fo longe demoere

Aris up and go we ifere

Blaunchefflour faide I come anon

590

Florice and Blauncheffour. 35

And Florice he klippe bigan
And felle allepe on thise wife
And after hem gan fore agrise
Clarice to the piler cam
The baeyn of gold ȝhe nam
And had icheped after Blauncheffour
To wende with here in to the tour
ȝhe ne answerede nai ne ȝo
Tho wende Clarice ȝhe ware ago

¶ Sone fo Clarice com in to the tour 600
The Ameral asked after Blauncheffour
Whi and wharfore ȝhe ne come
As hi was woned to done
ȝhe was arisen ar ich ware
Ich wende her hauen i-fonden here
What ne is ȝhe nowt i-comen ȝit
Now ȝhe me douteth al to lit
Forth he clepeth his chaumberleyn
And bit him wende with alle main
And wite wi that ȝhe ne come 610
As hi was wone bifore to done

¶ The chaumberleyn had undernome
In to hir bour he his icome
And stant bifore hire bed
And find thar twai neb to neb
Neb to neb an mouth to mouth
f. 103^b. Wel sone was that sorowe couth
In to the tour up he feigh
And faide his louerd al that he feigh
The Ameral het his fwerd him bring 620

Florice and Blaunchefflour.

I witten he wolde of that thinge
 Forht he minth with alle mayn
 Him felf and his chaumberleyne
 Till thaie come thar thai two laie
 Ȝit was the flep faft in hire eie
 The Ameral het hire clothes kefte
 A litel binethen here brefte
 Than fegh he wel fone anon
 That on was a man that other a woman
 He quok for anguiſſe ther he ſtod 630
 Hem to quelle was his mod
 He him bithoughte ar he wolde hem quelle
 What thai wer that ſchold him telle
 And ſithen he thoughte hem of dawe don
 The children awoken under thou
 Thai fegh the ſwerd over hem i-drawe
 Adrad thai ben to ben i-flawe
 ¶ Tho biſpak the Ameral bold
 Wordes that ſcholde fone bi told
 Sai me now thou bel ami 640
 Who made the ſo hardi
 For to come in to mi tour
 To ligge ther bi Blaunchefflour
 To wrotherhale ware ȝe bore
 Ȝe ſchollen tholie deth therfore
 Thanne ſaid Florice to Blaunchefflour
 Of oure lif nis non focour
 And mercy thai cride on him ſo ſwithe
 That he ȝaue hem reſpit of here liue
 Til he hadde after his baronage ſent 650

Florice and Blauncheflour. 37

To awreken him thourgh jugement
 Up he bad hem fitte bothe
 And don on other clothes
 And fiththe he let hem binde fast
 And in to prifon hem he caſt
 Til he had after his barenage fent
 To wreken him thourgh jugement

¶ What helpeth hit longe tale to ſchewe
 Ich wille 3ou telle at wordes fewe
 Nou alle his baronage had undernome 660
 And to the Amerail 3he beth i-come
 His halle that was hieghe i-biilt
 Of kynges and dukes was i-fiilt
 He ſtod up among hem alle
 Biſemblaunt ſwithe wrotht with alle
 He ſaid lordingges of mochel honour
 3e han herd ſpeken of Blauncheflour
 Hou ich hire boughte dere aplyght
 For feuen fithes of gold hire wight
 For hire faired and hire chere 670
 Ich hire boughte awinge ſo dere
 For ich thoughte withouten wene
 Hire haue I had to mi quene
 Bifore hire bed mi ſelf I com
 And fond bi hire an naked grom
 Tho thai were me ſo wrothe
 I thought to lian i-queld hem bothe
 Ich was ſo wroth and ſo wod
 And 3it ich withdrouth mi mod
 Fort ich haue after 3ou i-fent 680

Florice and Blaunche flour.

To awreke me thourgh jugement

Nou 3e witen hou hit is agon

Awreke me fwtithe of mi fon

¶ Tho fpak a king of on londe

We han irerd this fehame and fehonde

Ac er we hem to dethe wreke

We fehalle heren tho children fpeke

What thai wil fpeke and ligge

3if thai ought a3ein wil allegge

Hit ner nowt right jugement

690

Withouten anfwere to acouplement

¶ After the children nou men fendeth

Hem to brenne firr men lendeth

Twaie Sarazins forth hem bringeth

Toward here deth fore wepinge

Dreeri were this fehildren two

Nou aither bi-wepeth otheres wo

Florice faide to Blaunche flour

Of oure lif nis non focour

3if manken hit tholi might

700

Twies I fehold die with right

One for mi felf another for the

For this deth thou haft for me

¶ Blaunche flour faide a3en tho

f. 104. The gelt is min of oure bother wo

Florice drow forth the ring

That his moder him 3af at his parting

Haue nou this ring lemman min

Thou ne fehalt nowt die whiles hit is thin

Florice and Blaunchefflour. 39

¶ Blaunchefflour faide tho 710

So ne ſchal hit neuer go
That this ring ſchal ared me
Ne maithe no deth on the ſe
Florice the ring here araught
And hi him agein hit bitaught
On hire he had the ring i-thraft
And hi hit haueth awai i-kaſt
A duk hit feth and bergh to grounde
An was glad that ring he founde

¶ On this maner the children come 720

Weping to the fir and to hire dome
Biſor al that fok thai ware i-browt
Dreri was hire bother thought
Ther was non ſo fierne man
That thife children loked upan
That thai ne wolde alle fulſawe
Here jugement haue with drawe
And with gret garifoun hem begge
Ȝif thai dorſte ſpek other figge
So Florice was ſo fair a ſongling

And Blaunchefflour ſo fwete a thing 730

¶ Of men and wommen that beth nouth

That gon aur riden and ſpeketh with mouthe
Beth non ſo fair in hire gladneſſe
Als thai ware in hire forewenneſſe
No man ne knewe hem that hem was wo
Biſemblaunt that thai made tho
But bi the teres that thai ſchadde
And fillen adoun bi here nebbe

Florice and Blaunchefflour.

¶ The Ameral was so wroth and wod 740
 That he ne might withdraw his mod
 He bad binde the children faste
 In to the fir he hem caste
 Thilke duk that the gold ryng hadde
 Nou to speke reuthe he hadde
 Fain he wolde hem helpe to liue
 And tolde how thai for the ring friue

¶ The Amiral het hem aȝen clepe
 For he wolde tho schildren speke
 He askede Florice what he hete 750
 And he him told swithe skete

¶ Sire he saide ȝif hit were thi wille
 Thou ne aughtest nowt this maiden spille
 Ac fire lat auelle me
 And lat that maiden alie be
 Blaunchefflour saide tho
 The gilt is min of oure bother wo
 And the Ameral saide tho

I wis ȝe fille die bo
 With wreeche ich wille me awreke 760
 Ȝe ne scholle neuere go no speke

¶ His fwerd he braid out of his selthe
 The children for to do to dethe
 And Blaunchefflour putt forth hire fwire
 And Florice gan hire aȝein tire
 Ich an a man ich schal go bifore
 Thou ne aughtest nowght mi deth acore
 Florice forht his fwire putte
 And Blaunchefflour aȝein hit brutte

Florice and Blaunche flour. 41

Al that i-seghen this 770

Therfore fori weren iwis

And faide dreri may we be

Bi fwiche children fwich reuthe fe

¶ The Ameral wrothe thai he were

Bothe him chaungede mod and chere

For aither for other wolde die

And he fegh fo many a weping eye

And for he hadde fo loued the mai

Weping he turned his hened awai

And his fwerd hit fil to grounde 780

He ne might hit holde in that ffounde

¶ Thilke duk that the ring ffounde

With th'Ameral fpak and round

And ful wel ther with he fpedde

The children ther with fram dethe he redde

Sire he faide hit is litel pris

Thise children to ften i-wis

Hit is the wel more worffelhipe

Florice counfeile that thou wite

Who him tawghte thilke gin 790

For to come thi tour with in

f. 104^b. And who that him broughte thar

The bet of other thou might be war

¶ Than faide th'Ameraille to Florice tho

Tel me who the taughte her to

That quath Florice ne fchall I neuere do

Bot gif hit ben forgiuen also

That the gin me taughte therto

Arft ne fchal hit neuer bi do

Florice and Blaunchefflour.

Alle thai praied therfore i-wis 800

The Ameral graunted this

¶ No[u] eueri word Florice hath him told

Hou the ma[i]de was fram him fold

And hou he was of Speyne a kyngges fone

For hire lone thider I come

To fonden with fom gin

That faire maiden for to win

And hou thourgh his gold and his garifoun

The porter was his man bicom

And hou he was in the coupe i-bore 810

And alle this other lowen therfore

¶ Now the Amerail wel him mote betide

Florice he fette next his fide

And made him ftonde ther upright

And hath i-dubbed him to knight

And bad he fcholde with him be

With the formaft of his mene

Florice fallet to his fet

And bit him ȝif him his lef fo fwet

The Ameral ȝaf him his lemman 820

Alle the othere him thanked than

¶ To one chirche hi let hem bringge

And wedde here with here owene ringge

Nou bothe this children alle for blifs

Fil the Amerales fet to kis

And thourgh counfeil of Blaunchefflour

Clarice was fet down of the tour

And the Amerale here wedded to quene

There was fette fwithe breine

Florice and Blaunche flour. 43

I ne can nowt tellen alle the fonde 830
Ac the richeſt feſte in londe

¶ Nas hit nowt longe efter than
That Florice tidingge ne cam
That his fader the kyng was ded
And al the barnage ȝaf him red
That he ſcholede wenden hom
And underfongen his kyngdom
At Ameral he nom his leue
And he him bad with him bilene
Thanne biſpak the Ameral 840
Ȝif thou wilt do Florice bi mi counſeil
Dwelle her and wend nowt hom
Ich wille the ȝinen a kyngdom
Al ſo longe and al ſo brod
Als euere ȝit thi fader bod

¶ I nel bilene for to winne
To bidde me hit were finne
Thai bitaught the Ameral oure dright
And thai com hom whan thai might
And let crowne him to king 850
And hire to quene that ſwete thing
And underfeng Criſtendom of preſtes honde
And thonkede God of alle his fonde

¶ Nou ben thai bothe ded
Chriſt of heuene houre ſoules led
Nou is this tale browt to th'ende
Of Florice and of his lemman hende
How after bale hem com bote

Florice and Blancheflour.

So wil oure Louerd that ous mote

AMEN figges al fo

860

And Ich schal helpe 5ou ther to

E • X • P • L • I • C • I • T •

The Throstel Cok and Nightingale.

f. 279^b. L with fone . . .

With blofme and with briddes roun

The notes of the hafel ſpringeth

The dewes derken in the dale

The notes of the nightingale

This foules miri ſingeth

Ich herd a firriſ bitvixen to

That on of wele that other of wo

Bitven hem to y-fere

That on herieth wimen that ben hende 10

That other he wald fawe ſchende

This firriſ ȝe mow y-here

The Nightingale hath y-nome

To ſpeke for wimen atte frome

Of ſchame he wald hem were

The Thruſtel Cok he ſpeketh ay

He feyt bi nightes and bi day

That thai ben fendes fere

The Throstell Cok

For thai bitraien eueri man
 That meft bileueth hem on 20
 Thei thai be milde of chere
 Thei ben fals and fikel to fond
 And wercheth wo in eueri lond
 It were better that hye nere

The Nightingale.

Schame it is to blame leuedi
 For thai ben hende of curtaifi
 Y rede that thou lete
 Nas neuer brethe non fo ftrong
 No with right no with wrong
 That wimen no might bete 30

Y faughten hem that ben wrothe
 And maketh leue that is sothe
 With game men schuld hem grete
 This world weren nought gif wemen nere
 Y-maked thai ben to mannes fere
 Nis no thing half fo fwete

The Throstell Cok.

I may wimen heri nought
 For thai ben fals and fikel of thought
 So me is don to understond
 Y take witnes of mani and fele 40
 That riche were of worldes wele
 And fre to fenden hem fond

and Nightingale.

47

Thei thai ben fair and bright in hewe
Thai ben fals fikel untrewē
And worcheth wo in ich lond
King Alifaunder meneth him of hem
In the world nis non so crafti men
No none so riche of lond

The Nightingale.

Thrustel Cok thou art wode
Or thou canst to litel gode 50
Wimen for to schende
It is the best drurie
And mest thai cun of curteisie
Nis no thing al so hende

Her lone is swetter y wis
Than the braunche of licoris
Loffum thai ben and hende
Wele swetter is her breth
Than ani milke other meth
And louelich in armes to wende 60

The Throstel Cok.

Nightingale thou hast wrong
As ich finde in mi fong
For ich hold with the right
Y take witnesse of Wawain
That Crist gaf might and main
And trewest was of knight

The Throstel Cok.

So wide fo he hadde riden and gon

Fals fond he neuer non

Bi day no bi night

Foule for thi fals mouthe

70

Thine fawes fechal be wide couthe

Alight whare thou light

The Nightingale.

Ichaue leue to alight here

In orchard and in erbere

.

The Liif of Adam.

.

fragm. a.

LIGHTBERN that angel bright
Aufwerd anon right
Ich was ar the warld bigan

Er euer God maked man
Therefore he feyd fo mot yt be
He schal first anoure me
Than feyd the messanger
To Lightbern that is now Lucifer
Bot thou do Godes comandment
Thou art inobedient

10

And wretlithest God Almighty therefore
And so might thi mirthe be forlore

¶ Lightbern answerd anon right
Thurch pride that in his word was light
He schal comen al to late
Mi mirthe for to abate
Ichil go fitten in my fee
And be more master than he
And anon right with that . . .
He sett him in his owen . . .

20

And tho Lightbern hade feyd fo
Mani thoufend Angels and mo

The Liif of Adam.

Sayd thai nold in non manere

Anour Adam no Eue his fere

Thus in heuen pride bigan

While God in erthe made man

¶ Tho fwete Jhefus that was wiis

Was comen out of Paradis

To heuen ther he . . .

And hadde maked men of mold

30

He feyghe where Lightbern fet

And bad him loke to his fet

And Lightbern anon right

For pride that in him was light

In holy writ we heren telle

He fanke adoun in to helle

Ther he tholed michel schame

Satanas is now his name

¶ And alle Angels in heuen that wer

That him ani wittneffe bere

40

That he was worthi to fitten in fe

Ther fwete Jhesu was won to be

Thurch the pouwer of Godes might

Senen days and seven night

Angels fellen adoun in to helle

In holy writ we heren it telle

For Pride that was in hem light

Of heuen blis thai lorn the fight

And as we finden in lectrure

Y not whether it be in holy scripture

50

Tho Lightbern sat in his fe

And feyd he was worthier than he

The Liif of Adam.

51

For the mone bar him witneffe
It waxeth and wanieth more and leffe
The fe thurch vertu of Godes might
Ebbeth and flouweth day and night
This tway no habbe neuer rest
Naither bi eft no bi west

¶ In heuen Pride first bigan
In angels ar it cam in man 60
And for it com out of heuen
And was the form[ast] finne of feuen
Ther fore withouten lesing
Of alle finnes Pride is king

¶ Lete we now Pride be
And to Adam wende we
And loke we hou him spet
That thurch his wiuef abet
And thurch the Fendes entifement
He brak Godes comandment 70

God y-blifced mat he be
He forbede Adam an appel tre
That he ne schuld of liif no lim
No frount ther of nim
The Fende in lickneffe of an adder
Clombe opou the tre withouten ladder
And eleped to him Adames wiif
For to apair Adames liif

And Eue to the nadder cam
And at the nadder an appel nam 80
The fende gat alle that he fond
And tok it Eue in hir hond

The Liif of Adam.

And feyd ete thou and Adam of this
 And ȝe ſchul ben al fo wiis
 As God that fitt in . . .
 And witten alle his . . .
 . . ȝe no ſchuld nought ſe no here
 Which Godes ere

fragm. b. Therefore he it ȝon forbede

It ſchuld nought comen in ȝour hede 90

¶ Ene of the nadder the appel nam

And to Adam anon him cam
 And feyd do as Ich the rede
 And it ſchal be the beſt dede
 That euer ȝete thou deſt y-wis
 Ete of the appel that here is
 And thou ſchalt be withouten leſing
 Al fo wiſe of alle thing
 As he that it forbede

It ſchuld nought comen in thine hed 100

Thurch the Fendes comberment
 And thurch his wiues enticement
 Godes comandment he breke
 That he and his wiif eke
 Seththen hem rewe bothe ful fore
 That thai leueden the Fendes lore
 In the boke it is y-write
 Tho thai hadde of the appel bite
 Aither of other aſchamed was
 And hiled her kinde with more and gras 110
 Adam was of God affight
 And went and hidde him anon right

The Liif of Adam.

53

And God out of heuen cam
And cleped anon after Adam
Than seyde swete Jhesus
Adam Adam why destow thus
Thou hast y-brought thi selue in wo
And Eue thi gode wiif al so
For thou hast min hest y-broke
For sothe Adam ichil be wroke 120
Ȝe haue y-don a fori dede
For sothe Ȝe schul haue ȝour mede
¶ Tho Jhesu hadde to hem speke
And told hem that he wald ben awreke
Y-blissed be his nam seuen
He steyghe of him in to heuen
And ther after anon right
He sent to hem an angel bright
With a brenand swerd
And drof hem in to miduerd 130
Adam and Eue his wiif
In care ther to leden her liif
Gret pite it was to here
Of Adam and of Eue his fere
Hon thai wepen and grad allas
Tho thai schulden for her trespas
Out of Paradys y-gon
It was pite to heren her mon
¶ Tho Adam in to erthe cam
Bowes leues and gras he nam 140
A loghe he thought to biginne
He and his wiif to crepen inne

The Liif of Adam.

And tho the loghe was y-maked
 Thai lay the[r] in all star naked
 Sex days and sex night
 For hunger wel incl y-dight
 Euerich day thai foughten mete
 Bot nowhar thai no couthe it gete

¶ Tho sex days weren agon
 And thai no founde mete non 150
 Eue bigan for to crie
 Allas Adam for hunger we dye
 Alle the forwe that thou art inne
 Certes alle it is for mi funne
 Adam ich bifeke the
 Sle me ȝif thi wille be
 For wer ich out of Godes fight
 Par auentour Adam than thou might
 Oȝein in to Paradys wende
 And haue the blis withouten ende 160

¶ A woman quath Adam tho
 Allas why feydestow fo
 Woſtow make me fo wode
 To fle min owen fleſche and blode
 Bothe in fleſche and in bon
 Jheſus Criſt hath made ous on
 He made the of mi ribbe
 Thou mighteſt be me no ner fibbe
 Ȝif thou thenkeſt more fo
 Thou wilt bring ous in more wo 170
 Ȝif God fende on ous his curs
 Than ſchul we fare the wors

The Liif of Adam.

55

Bot go we forth and feeche mete
Wher that we may ani gete
And for faught dye we nought
Ȝif we mow finden ought
fragm. c. Thai went forth and mete foughten
And of hem seluen litel roughen
¶ Aftay went to feeche mete
Thai feyghen beftes ftonden and ete 180
Ac thai no couthe finde non
As wide as thai couthe gon
Than feyd Adam thus
No hadde wretthted fwete Jhesus
He wald haue fent ous mete enough
Hongend opon ich bough
As he doth this wilde beftes
And whe hadden holden his heftes
Bot for we haue his heft y-broke
Ther fore he wil ben awroke 190
Ther fore Eue mi rede it is
For whe han don amis
Go we out of this wode felawes
And liue we in pennaunce fourti dawes
And at the fourti dawes ende
God Almighty that is fo hende
And we mighten his loue gete
Than wolde he fend ous mete
Sir quath Eue to Adam tho
That wold bring me more wo 200
So long penaunce for to take
Bot ich it might an ending make

The Liif of Adam.

Ȝif mi penance weren y-broke
 Than wold God ben awroke
 And be wrother than he is
 And ich dede eft amis
 Eue quath Adam anon right
 Nought bot do than what thou might
 Wende to the water of Tiges anon
 And ftep in opon a fton 210
 And whan thou art comen in
 Wad in vp to thi chin
 And foud to ftond therin all fille
 Fourti days to ful fille
 And Ichil in to the flom go
 And ftond therin fourti days and alfo
 Sex days mo and fex night
 Thurch the help of Godes might
 For in fex dayes and feuen night
 Alle the world was naked and dight 220
 And fulfild on the feuen day
 Ther fore as forth as y may
 Ichil foud to helden fille
 Sex days more to fulfille
 That ich rede we biginne
 And do penance for our finne
 And for the penance wil be fo hard
 Par auentour than afterward
 God that hath ȝeuen ous liif fo
 Wald fende ous fuffenance therto 230
 Eue vnderftode his rede
 And dede as Adam hir bede

As it telleth in the boke
 Aither at other leue tok
 Eue in to Tiges wode
 And vp to the chin fehe fode
 And in to the flum wode Adam
 And his penance vnder nam
 ¶ Tho thai hadde stonden thare
 In miehe wo and miehe care 240
 Tventi days stonden inne
 In tho to waters in pine
 The Fende thought him to awreke
 And her penance for to breke
 And formaft he com to Eue
 To brengen hir in misbileue
 For Eue hadde leued his lore
 He hoped that fehe wald more
 And feyd Eue wele is the
 Thi Lord sent the word bi me 250
 That thi trespass is forzene
 That thou dost oȝains his leue
 Com out of that water anon
 And as so fwithe aftow might gon
 Go and figge Adam so
 And bring him out of his wo
 And Ichil go thider with the
 And fay him as Ichaue don to the
 ¶ Of that tiding Eue was glad
 And dede as the Fende hir bad 260
 Out of the water fehe com anon
 And with the Fende dedde hir to gon

The Liif of Adam.

¶ Tho Adam hadde of Eue a fight
 He wift wele anon right
 fragm. d. That the Fende hir hadde ouer comen
 And out of hir penaunce y-nomen
 And ful gode ȝeme he nam
 It was the Fende that with hir cam
 And feyd Eue allas allas
 Now is wers than it was
 He that cometh in thi compeynie
 Now he hath y-giled the twie
 For sothe Eue that is he
 That giled the to the appel tre
 And made the with his enticement
 To breke Godes comandment

270

¶ Tho Eue wift it was Satanas
 For forwe that in hir hert was
 Sche fwoned and fel to grounde
 And lay stille a ful gode stonnde
 And anon as sche awoke
 For drede of God sche lay and qwoke
 And feyd allas ȝif God it wold
 That euer was ich makend of mold
 Adam was in gret care
 That feyghe his wiif so iuel fare
 And feyd to the Fende of helle
 Ich wald that thou wost me telle
 Whi thou inwest me and mi wiif
 And art about to pair our liif
 And we [did] the neuer no dede
 ftede

280

290

The Liif of Adam.

59

¶ The Fende anwerd tho
And feyd Adam thou art mi fo
Sone after the warld bigan
And God hadde fourmed the to man
Bi an angel he fent to me
That y schuld anoure the
And feyd that y-nold
For ar thou wer maked of mold 300
Ich was in heuen an angel bright
Of grete pouwer and grete might
And for y-nold anour the nought
In this forwe leham y-brought
In to helle for to wende
And won ther with outhen ende
And alle that were to mi consent
Alle thai lien to helle y-went
Euer to liue [in pine] and wo
Therefore thou art our alder fo 310

¶ Adam ther he stode vp right
Bifought God ful of might
Deliner out of his compeynie
The Fende that hadde swiche envie
To him and to his wiue Eue
That founde so her foules to greue
Adam ther he stode al naked
Tho he hadde his preyer maked
Thurch the pouwer of Godes might
The Fende went out of hir sight 320

¶ Tho the sex and fourti days wer go
That Adam hadde y-tholed that wo

The Liif of Adam.

Out of the water tho he cam
 Than feyd Eue to Adam
 Adam Adam wele is te
 And Adam Adam wo is me
 Thou hast thi penaunce to thende brought
 Thou might be ful glad in thought
 And ich may sing allas allas
 Icham wers than ich was 330
 For now Ichauē eft a-gilt
 Seththen we were out of Paradis pilt
 Ther fore Ichil now beginne
 O5ain penaunce for to winne
 And wende and won in thifterneffe
 Out of alle lightneffe
 The foule fefche that hath a-gilt
 In thefterneffe it felal be pilt
 ¶ Eue went fram Adam
 In to thefterneffe till that fche cam 340
 And tho fche com to a thefter fiede
 Night and day in holy hede
 Gret with child fche duelled thare
 In miche forwe and michel care
 ¶ The time neighed atte laft
 That Eue bigan to gret faft
 And hye bigan to gron fore
 And feyd Louerd merci thine ore
 Who may telle Adam mi thought
 In what forwe that ich am brought 350
 Y no haue meflanger nou
 That may on min eirand gon

.

MS. fol. 14. And he feyghe me with his eyghe

And feyd Adam thou fhalt dye
 Hold that word in thi thought
 And loke thou forȝete it nought
 Thus feyd God Almighty to me
 Tho com ich in to erthe oȝe
 And liued in trauail and in pine
 And fo felhulen after al mine

360

Til God bi com man in erthe
 We ſchul haue penaunce and wele is werthe
 For ich and the moder weren at aſent
 To breke Godes comandment
 For we haue him ſo a-gilt
 In our hertes he hath y-pilt
 Bothe an euen and a morwe
 Sexti woundes of wo and forwe
 That ſchal doure to alle mi blod
 And with that worde ther Adam fode

370

And bigan to wepe fore
 And feyd merci Lord thinore
 Lord y-blifed mot thou werthe
 Wher to was y made of erthe
 Swiche pine here to dreye
 Wer time comen ich wald dye
 ¶ Of Adames forwe Eue toke kepe
 And bigan bitter to wepe

The Liif of Adam.

And anon in that ich ffounde
 Sche kneled adoun on the grounde 380
 And bad aboue to swete Jhefus
 Sore wepende and feyd thus
 Lord ich bifeche the
 Adames forwe put in me
 For al the forwe that he is inne
 Is for mi gilt and for mi finne
 Adam hadde rewthe of his wiif
 And was al ful of his liif
 And feyd Eue lat be thi fare
 And fond to bring me out of care 390
 Take Seth in thi compeynie
 And lok that thou fast heyghe
 Lade him to Paradife to the ȝate
 And lat him abide ther ate
 And lete him stonden in the fight
 And God that is ful of might
 For he bath nought trespast so muche
 As haue we fikerliche
 Ther fore he may the balder be
 To speke with Jhefu Crist than we 400
 ¶ Eue toke Seth anon
 And dede hem in the way to gon
 Toward Paradis anon thai go
 And the Fende that was her fo
 Com and mett with hem tvaye
 Right amid in the waye
 And bot Seth in the visage
 And afterward a gret flage

In his viſage it was y-fene
Where ſtoden his teth kene 410

¶ Allas allas quath Eue tho
What icham curſſed and other mo
That breken Godes comandment
Now if mi ſones viſage ſehent
Hadde we holden his heſt aright
Than hadde the fende hadde no might
For to touche nought of our blod
No hadde y-don hem nought bot gode

¶ To the Fende tho feyd Eue
Hou artow ſo hardi to greue 420
Godes creatour that thurch his grace
Is fourmed after his owen face
Me thenke that thou doſt nought right
To wrettthe with the king of might
Why artow ſo malicious
Toward God and toward ous

¶ The Fende anſwerd anon this
Nought toward God our malice nis
Bot toward the and al the brod
That euer cometh of ʒour blod 430
For thureh ʒou we ben y-brought
Ther wo and finne is euer wrought
And Eue ichil that thou it wite
Seththen thou and Adam of the appel bite
We haue hadde pouwer and might
To dere ʒou bothe day and night

¶ A foule thing quath Seth
Fro mi moder that heren geth

And fro me thurch Godes might
 Paffe oway out of our fight 440
 fol. 14^b. And the Fende the foule thing
 Thurch might of the Heuen king
 Out of her fight oway he nam
 Thai nist neuer whar he bicam
 ¶ Eue hath Seth y-ladde
 To Paradys as Adam badde
 And Eue drough hir fram the ȝate
 Sche no durit nought loke in therate
 Sche durit nought schewe God hir face
 Bot lete Seth abide grace 450
 And Seth in thilke stede
 Sore wepeand in holy bede
 He abod ther alle stille
 Godes merci and Godes wille
 ¶ Thurch the vertu of Godes might
 Ther com adoun an Angel bright
 And feyd to Seth in this maner
 That he might with eren here
 God that al the world hath wrought
 Sent the word thou biddest for nought 460
 Er the term be y-gon
 Of fwe thoufende winter and on
 And fwe and tventi winter and mo
 Er that terme be ago
 And God that is ful of might
 Be in to erthe y-light
 And haue y-nomen kind of man
 And bathed in the flom Jordan

The Liif of Adam.

65

Than felal Adam and Eue his wiif
Be anoint with oyle of liif 470
And alle tho that after hem comen
That haue Cristendom y-nomen

¶ Go tel Adam thi fader this
That no nother grace ther nis
And to graythe him bid him heyghe
His terme neigheth that he felal dye
And when the bodi that hath don sinne
And the foule felal parten atvinne
Right whan that time felal be
Miche meruayl 3e schullen y-fe 480
So fent mi Lord that alle hath wrought
And biddeth that 3e no drede nought
For nought that 3e sehul here no fe
So he fent 3ou word bi me

¶ Eue and Seth her way nome
And went ozain as thai come
And told Adam the tiding
That him fent the Heuen king
And Adam held vp bothe his hond
And thouked God of alle his fond 490

¶ Adam his eighen unfeld
And Seththen his sone he biheld
And seyde merci swete Jhesus
Who hath wounded mi sone thus

¶ Bi God Adam quath Eue
He that is about to greue
Oure foules bothe night and day
As michel as euer he may

The Liif of Adam.

That is the Fende that is our fo
 That hath ous brought in to this wo 500
 He com and mett with ous tvay
 As we ȝeden in the way
 And went toward Paradys
 Thus he bot him in the viis
 Owe Eue quath Adam tho
 Thou haft y-wrought michel wo
 Alle that after ous be bore
 Alle schal curffen ous ther fore
 And alle that after ous liuen
 Both amorwe and eke aneuen 510
 Schul be bify to bere the wo
 That is y-wakened of ous tvo
 ¶ Ther fore Eue telle alle thine childir
 Both the ȝonger and the elder
 That thai be filed of our sinne
 And bid hem ichon bi ginne
 Night and day merci to erie
 Mi time is comen Y schal dye
 Thus Adam bad Eue his wiif
 Techen his childer after his liif 520
 Hou thai schuld anon bi ginne
 To crien merci for her sinne
 And tho he hadde y-taught hem thus
 As the boke telleth ous
 He kneled adoun in his bede
 And dyed anon in that fiede
 And as the angel hadde y-feyd
 Alle the lightriffle was aleyd

The Liff of Adam.

67

fol. 15. Sonne and mone lorn her light

Sex days and fex night 530

• Ene bigan to wepe and erie

Tho he feyghe Adam dye

And Seth made reweli mon

And fel down on his fader anon

And as it telleth in the boke

In his armes his fader he tok

And ful bitterliehe he wepe

And God Almighty ther of toke kepe

And sent adoun an Angel bright

That feyd to Seth anon right 540

Arise and lete thi forwe be

And with thine eyghen thou schalt fe

God that al the world schal glade

What he wil do with that he made

¶ God that fit in heuen heyghe

Tok Adam foule that Seth it feighe

And bi tok it Seyn Mizhel

And feyd haue loke this foule wel

And put it in forwe and thetternisse

Out of ioie and alle lightniffe 550

Til fine thoufend winter ben ago

Tvo hundred and eichte and tventi mo

Fro the time that he ete

Of that appel him thought fo fwete

So long for his gilt

In his ward he schal be pilt

That maked him min heft breke

So long Ich wil ben awreke

The Liif of Adam.

On him and alle his blod eke
 Mi comandment for he breke 560
 And whan that terme is ago
 To ioie felhal turn al his wo
 And after ward than felhal he
 Sitten in thilke felue fe
 That Lightbern fat min angel bright
 Er Pride was in his hert alight
 ¶ Thus feyd Jhesus that sitt an heyghe
 And feththen in to heuen he fleighe
 Fram the time that cas fel
 That curstid Kaim slough Abel 570
 Til Adam dyed opon mold
 As fwete Jhesus Crist wold
 Ȝete lay Abel aboue erthe
 Til Jhesu Crist herd mot he werthe
 Bad his angels that thai felholde
 Biry the bodis vnder molde
 ¶ The angels al withouten cheti
 Dede anon Godes heft
 I[n] to clothes the bodi thai feld
 Eue and hir children stode and biheld 580
 Right in thilke felue stede
 And hadde wonder what thai dede
 For thai no hadde ar than
 Neuer sen biry no man
 Than feyd an angel ther he stode
 To Eue and to al hir brode
 Take ȝeme hou we do
 And her afterward do fo

The Liif of Adam.

69

Birieth alle fo that dyen
As 3e fe with your eyghen 590
That we don this bodis here
Doth 3e in the felue manere
Tho the angels had feyd thus
Thai wenten ogain to fwete Jhesus
To heuen ther thai formaft were
And leued Eue and hir children there

¶ Sex days after Adam was dede
God Almighty an angel bede
Go tellen Eue Adames wiif
The terme was comen of hir liif 600

¶ Tho Eue wist sche schuld dye
Sche cleped forth hir progenie
Bothe the 3onger and the eldre
Hir childer and hir childer childre
And fayd that alle mighten here
Tho ich and Adam mi fere
Breken Godes comandment
Anon his wretthe was y-sent
On ous and on our progenie
And ther fore merci 3e schul erie 610
And bothe bi daie and eke bi night
Doth penaunce bi al 3our might
And thou Seth for ani thing
Ich comand the on mi blisseing
That thi Fader liif be write
And min also eueri finite

fol. 15^b. Fro the bigining of his liif

The Liif of Adam.

That he was maked and Ich his wiif
 And hou we were filed with sinne
 And what forwe we han lined inne 620
 And in which maner that thou feye
 Rediliche with thin eighe
 Thi fader soule to pine sent
 For he brak Godes comandment
 Alle this loke that thou write
 As wele as thou kanst it dite
 That tho that be now 3ong childre
 Mai it fee and her elder
 And other that here after be bore
 Hou we han wrought here bfore 630
 That thai mowe taken ensauple of ous
 And amenden ozain Jhesus
 ¶ Tho Eue hadde thus y-leyd
 And hir erand on Seth y-leyd
 Sche kneled adoun and bad hir bede
 And right in thilke felue stede
 That alle her kin stoden and feyghe
 Where sche dyed biforn hir eyghe
 Anon right as Eue was dede
 Her children token hem to rede 640
 And beren hir thilke felue day
 Vnto the stede ther Adam lay
 And biried hir in thilke stede
 Right as the angels dede
 That biried Adam and Abel
 Ther of thai token hede ful wel
 And tho sche was in erthe y-brought

The Liif of Adam.

71

Thai wer fori in her thought
And wopen and made miche wo
Tho Adam and Eue was ago 650
Bothe aneuen and amorwe
Thai wopen and made miche forwe
And at the four dayes ende
Jhesu made an angel wende
And feyd ther thai wepen fore
Doletli fex days and na more
The feuen day rest of 3our forwe
Both aneuen and amorwe
For God that alle the world hath wrought
And alle the world made of nought 660
As him thought it wald be best
The feuen day he toke rest
And another thing witterly
It bitokneth the day of merci
The feuen day was Sononday
And that day schal be Domefday
And alle the foules that wele have wrought
That day schul to rest be brought
¶ Tho the angel hadde his erand feyd
That God Almighten hadde on him leyd 670
In to heuen the way he nam
Thai wist neuer whar he bicam
¶ Seth anon right bi gan
Of Adam that was the forme man
Al to gider he wrot his liif
As Eue hade beden Adames wiif
As telleth the boke that wele wot

The Liif of Adam.

In fton alle the letters he wrot
 For fir no water opon mold
 Neuer greuen it no fchold 680

¶ Tho Seth hadde writen Adames liif
 And Enes that was Adames wiif
 Right in thilke felue ftede
 Ther Adam was won to bide his bede
 In thilke ftede the bok he leyd
 As wife men er this han y-feyd
 Ther Adam was won to biden his bede
 And leued it in thilke ftede
 And ther it lay alle Noes flode
 And no hadde nought bot gode 690

¶ Long after Noes flod was go
 Salamon the king com tho
 That was heir of David lond
 And Adames liif ther he fond
 And all in fton writen it was
 And damagheed non letter ther nas
 For alle that euer Salamon couthe
 Think in hert or fpeke with mounthe
 On worde he no couthe wite
 Of alle that euer was ther write 700
 He no couthe o word vnder ftond
 That Seth hadde writen with his hond
 And Salamon that was wiis
 Bifought the King of Paradys
 fol. 16. That he fchuld for his might
 Sende him grace fram heuen light
 That he might haue grace to wite

The Liif of Adam.

73

What thing weren there y-write

¶ God y blifed mot he werthe

He fent an angel in to erthe

710

That taught Salamon eueri finite

Alle Adames liif y-write

And feyd to Salamon y-wis

Here ther this writeing is

Right in this felue ftede

Adam was wont to bid his bede

And here thou fchalt a temple wirche

That fchal be cleped Holi Chirche

Ther men fchal bid holy bede

As Adam dede in this ftede

720

And Salamon the king anon

Lete reren a temple of lime and fton

The firft Chirche vnder fomme

That euer in warld was bigonne.

¶ Now hane 3e herd of Adames liif

And of Eue that was his wiif

Whiche liif thai ladden here on mold

And Seththen diden as God wold

And tho Adam in erthe was ded

For finne that com of her fed

730

God fent Noes flod

And a-drenched al the blod

Swich wrethe God nam

Of alle that of Adam cam

Saue Noe and his wiif

That God hadde graunted liif

The Liif of Adam.

And his children that he hadde
 To felip with him that he ladde
 ¶ Of Noee feththen and of his childer
 We beth y-comen al to gider 740
 And feththen thai leued in fwiche finne
 That for the liif thai liueden inne
 Sodom and Gomore that wer tho
 Swithe noble cites tvo
 Bothe fonken in to helle
 As we here clerkes telle
 And another noble cite
 That was y-hoten Niniue
 Was in thilke felue cas
 Bot as the prophete Jonas 750
 Bad for hem day and night
 To fwete Ihesu ful of might
 And made bothe king and quene
 And alle that other pople bi dene
 In her bedes he made hem wake
 And hard penaunce he dede hem take
 And tho thai were to penaunce pilt
 God forȝaf hem her gilt
 Thus Niniue faued was
 Thurch bifekeing of Jonas 760

¶ Zete after Noes flod
 Al that com of Noees blod
 Weren he neuer fo holy man
 For the finne that Adam bigan
 Ther most non in Heuen com

The Liif of Adam.

75

Er God hadde his confeyl nome
To lighten in the Virgine Marie
And on the Rode wald dye
For to biggen ous alle fre
Y-herd and heyed not he be
Now haue 5e herd of fwete Ihesus
As the bok telleth ous
Of the world hou it bigan
And hou he made of mold man

770

¶ Ihesu that was nomen with wrong
And tholed mani paines strong
Among the Iewes that wer felle
To bring Adam out of helle
3if ous grace for to winne
The joie that Adam now is inne.

780

[E·X·P·L·I·C·I·T·]

David the King.

f. 280.

1. *Miserere mei Deus* etc.

LORD GOD to the we calle
That thou haue merci on ous alle
And for thi michel mekenisse
That we mot comen to thi blisse

2. *Et secundum multitudinem* etc.

Affowart Lord of mest poufte
Ful of merci and of pite
Do oway our wickednisse
And of our finnes forȝinenisse

3. *Amplius laua me Domine* etc.

And kepe ous alle fram dedli finne
That non of ous no dre ther inne
Our finnes wele we knowen alle
That maken ous oft oȝain the falle
That we no quem the nought aright
As we aughten with al our might

10

4. *Quoniam iniquitatem meam* etc.

Lord mi wickednisse y knowe wel
Fram ende to ende eueri del

David the King.

77

And euer is mi finne oꝯaines me
Lord on me haue pite

5. *Tibi soli peccavi et malum etc.*

Oꝯaines the Lord we han misdone
Night and day oft and ylome
Thou chaſt ous Lord with wordes thine
And ſcheld ous alle fram helle pine

20

6. *Ecce enim in iniquitatibus etc.*

Lord God to the we calle
Our finnes thou knoweſt alle
In finne we weren bigeten and born
No were thi grace we were forlorn

f. 280^b.

[7. *Ecce enim veritatem etc.*]

.

[8. *Asperges me hyssopo etc.*]

.

9. *Auditui meo dabis etc.*

In heriing thou haſt ȝouen ous blis
Gret confort and joie y-wis
Ther fore we ſchulden joie make
Milde and boxſom for thi ſake

30

10. *Auerte faciem tuam etc.*

Fram our finnes Lord turn thi face

David the King.

Ous to amenden thou geue ous grace
 And al our finnes thou do oway
 That we han don bi night and daye

11. *Cor mundum crea etc.*

A clene hert thou do ous inne
 That we no more do no finne
 The Holy Gost be ous among
 Oȝain our enemy that we may ftond

12. *Ne projicias me etc.*

Lord ne alome nought thi face
 Fram ous no where in non place 40
 No thi fwete Holy Gost
 King Ihesu as thou al wost

13. *Redde mihi leticiam etc.*

Ȝeld ous the ioie of thi greting
 With the Holy Gost conforting
 And we wil teche the right way
 To hem that bene in finne bi lay
 That thai hem turn to thi blis
 Lord Ihesu to heuen ous wis

14. *Docebo iniquos vias tuas etc.*

Ieh hem wil the way teche
 Lord Ihesu thou be our leche 50
 Of thi merci thai schul ioie make
 Euer more for thi fake

David the King.

79

15. *Libera me de sanguinibus* etc.

Lord Ihesu heuen king
Ous alle schilde fram wicked fonding
And mi tonge schal speken and say
Godenisse of the eueri day

16. *Domine labia mea aperies* etc.

Lord mi lippes thou undo
Graunt me Lord that it be so
With praiers Ichil honour the
Thi Godhed and ek thi dignete

60

17. *Quoniam si voluisses* etc.

Lord gif it thi wille hadde be
Sacrifice Ich wold haue ȝenen the
Bot that thing no wostow nought
Thou wost haue that thou hast bought
Mannes foule thou wost haue
Other ne woldestow nought craue

18. *Sacrificium Deo spiritus* etc.

Man gif thou art meke and milde
God the wil fram schame schilde
Thine euen cristene thou nought despise
For Ihesus Crist is heighe Justise

70

19. *Benigne fac Domine* etc.

Lord debonoure of al thing
Astow art might ful Heuen king

David the King.

With gode wille thou ous wiffe and rade
That Holy Chirche were vp y-made

20. *Tunc acceptabis* etc.

Than artow right Justife
And reſeineſt the ſacrifiſe
The offering alle opon the auter
Mannes foule that is the leue and dere

Gloria Patri et Filio etc.

Ioie and blis as we mone
Be with the Fader and Sone
And ek with the Holy Goſt
Lord Iheſu as thou wele woſt

80

Sicut erat in principio etc.

As it was and ener ſchal be
With the Holy Goſt in Trinite
Fram the firſt biginninge
That neuer no ſchal haue endinge.

AMEN.

The Dedli Sinnes, the Hestes, the Crede, etc.

fol. 79. IHESU that for vs wolde die

And was boren of Maiden Marie
Forgiue vs Louerd oure misdede
And help vs ate oure moste nede
To tho that habben laiser to dwelle
Of holi writ Ich wole 3ou telle
And alle that taken ther to hede
God wille quiten al here mede

¶ Ther beth Dedli Sinnes seuene
That letteth man to come to heuene 10
And Ihesu Cristes Hestes ten
That children and wimmen and men
Of twelue winter elde and more
After Holi cherche lore
Euerichone thai scholden knowe
But to lerne thai beth to flowe
And the Pater Noster and the Crede
Theroffe 3e scholden taken hede
On Englisch to segge what hit were
Als Holi cherche 3ou wolde lere 20

The Dedli Sinners,

For hit is to the foules bilene
 Ech man to knowen his Bilene
 And also 3e scholden habben in minde
 Cristene men that were kynde
 Godes Passion biter biter als galle
 That he tholed for vs alle
 To fturen out of dedli finne
 Of thise thinges Ich wille bigine
 That ich habbe here i-faid
 Let lit in 3oure hertes be leid 30
 Poure and riche 3onge and old
 And 3e scholle here it i-told

We schulle be knowe to Ihesu Crist
 And to his Moder Marie
 And to alle halewen
 And merci hem crie
 That we habbeth him a-gult
 In flesches luste oure lif i-pult
 In pride we habben lad oure lif
 And thourgh here i-maked strif 40
 In glotonie oure lif i-lad
 And other men thar to i-rad
 Thourgh pride and thourgh glotonie
 We habben i-lined in lecherie
 Sothe with dede and with thought
 Vnkyndeliche with mi bodi wrought
 In niche and onde we habben lein
 And with oure tonges men i-flein
 To coueteise our hertes 3iuen

the Hestes Ten, etc.

83

In pride of richeſſe for to liuen 50
 In fleuthe we habben founden ofte
 And loked the foule bodi ſofte
 Thiſe beth Dedli Sinnes ſeuene
 That letteth man to come to heuene

HERKNETH nou wimmen and men
 Ieſu Criſtes Heſtes Ten
 That we habben broken ofte
 And loked the foule bodi ful ſofte
 Nowt worſhiped God as we ſſcholde
 In couciteſe lad oure liſ on molde 60
 Euele i-loked oure haliday
 Litel don that ther to laye
 In mo Godes leued than in on
 In tales in fantomes mani on
 On the bok falſli ſworen
 And ofte fals witneſſe boren
 Theſe-liche we habben thing i-ftole
 And other mannes theſte i-hole
 Bothe in ernest and in game
 In ydel nemmed Godes name 70
 Houre eni criſtene we habben i-flawe
 And with oure tounge al to drawe
 We habben in hoker and ſcorning
 Oure eni criſtene drinen to heyng
 ¶ Thiſe beth Godes Heſtes ten
 Herketh men and wimmen
 f. 70 ^b. And 3e ſchulle here on Engliſch i-wis
 What 3oure Pater Noſter is

The Pater Noster,

OURE Fader in heuene riche
Thi name be bleffed euere i-liche 80

In thi kyngdom Louerd
That milde art and stille
Sothe in heuene and in erthe
Fulfeld be thi wille

Ihesu ful of grace Louerd
That al do mai

Oure eneriches daies bred
Graunte vs Louerd to dai

And forgiue vs Louerd
That we habbeth a-gult 90

Als we forgiueth other men
In our grace that beth pult

In the fendes fouding Louerd
Ne let vs neuere dwelle

Deliuere vs thourgh thi grace
Fram the pine of helle

A · M · E · N ·

On Engliffch this is

Ʒoure Pater Noster i-wis

Leftneth nou and taked hede

And Ich wille tellen Ʒou Ʒour Crede 100

WE schulle bileue on Ihesu Crist

Fader al weldinde

Sscheppere of heuene and of erthe

And of alle thinge

And in Ihesu Crist Fader and Sone

And oure Louerd i-coren

Ikened of the Holi Gost

And of a maiden i-boren

Vnder Pounce Pilate

He tholedde pinis stronge

110

Vpon the rode he was i-don

And tholedde deth with wronge

His bodi was i-buried

Amang tho Jues felle

Als his fwete wille was

He lighte in to helle

The foules that were life

He browghte hem out of forewe

And ros fram dethe to line

Vpon the thridde morewe

120

To heuene he fteyghth ther he fit

That al the world ffechal dighte

Vpon his Fader right hond

Oure Louerd ful of mighte

At the dai of Jugement

He ffechal comen to deme

Bothe the quike and the dede

Ech man take 3eme

We ffechulle bileue on the Holi Gost

And Holi churche bileue

130

And on alle halewen

That no thing mai greue

In remiffioun of oure finnes

That we ffechulle vprife

And come bifore Ihefu Crift

That ffechal be right iuftice

The Aue Marie.

We schulle come biforen him
 Alle on domes dai
 And after habbe the lif
 That schal lasten ai 140
 Gode men so God me spede
 This is on Englisch ȝoure Crede
 And a while ȝif ȝe wulle dwelle
 The Aue Marie Ich wille ȝon telle

HEIL be thou Marie
 Leuedi ful of grace
 God is with the leuedi
 In heuene thou hanest a place
 I-bleſſed mote thou be
 Leuedi of alle wimmen 150
 And the frut of thi wombe
 I-bleſſed be hit Amen
 Amen is to feggen
 fol. 71. So mote hit be
 This Pater Noster and Crede
 And Marie Aue

Thou[s] habbe ȝe herd ȝoure Bileue
 That is maked to foule biheue
 Herkneth a while ȝe that mowen
 And herkneth Godes Paſſioun 160
 That he tholedde for man kynde
 For Godes loue holdeth hit in minde
 ¶ In Holi writ hit is told
 Tho Judas hadde Iheſu fold

The Jeues token alle o red
 That swete Ihesu sicheolde be ded
 And comen armed with lanterne light
 And nomen Ihesu al be night
 And ladden him forht among alle
 In to Cayfases halle 170
 And there he was wel enel i-dight
 Til on the morewe al that night
 On morewe tho that the dai sprong
 Thei deden Ihesu Crist wrong
 Bounden hife eghen and buffated him fore
 And ȝit he tholedede mochele more
 Jwes ful of pride and hete
 In his visage goune spete
 Ihesu for that foule despit
 That hente thi bodi that was so whit 180
 Ȝue vs grace this dai to ende
 In his seruise the Fende to sichende
 ¶ In Holi writ hit is i-founde
 There Ihesu stod vpon the grounde
 Tho hit cam to prime of dai
 Jwes dedin him gret derai
 Bifore the maistres of the lawe
 As a thef he was i-drawe
 Here and there he was i-pult
 And swete Ihesu he ne hadde no gult 190
 But al the forewe that he was inne
 Al to gidere was for our sinne
 ¶ Ihesu for that foule derai
 That thou hentest at prime of dai

The Passioun, etc.

Ȝiue vs grace of sinne arise
 And enden in his swete seruise
 ¶ Thous telleth thife wife men of lore
 That Ihesu tholedede for vs more
 Ihesu tholedede for to binde
 At vndren hife honden him bihinde 200
 To a piler and beten faste
 While the scourges wolden lasse
 Ihesu for that mochele forewe
 That he tholedede our soules to borewe
 Brengede vs out of dedli sinne
 And alle that liggen i-bounden ther inne
 ¶ In Holi writ hit telleth thous
 Wele more tholedede swete Ihesus
 Ihesu tholedede at middai 210
 And nowt ones faide nai
 Jwes nailen him on the rode
 For our gult and for oure gode
 And wel midliche he let
 Thurle his hondes and his fet
 His heued was crowned that was sene
 With scharpe thornes and with kene
 That enerich thorn hadde a wonde
 The firemes ronnen down to grounde
 Ihesu for tho harde stoundes
 That thou tholedest and bitter wondes 220
 Forȝiue that we habben a-gult
 And lete vs neuere in helle be pult
 ¶ Als telleth the Profecye
 A litel er he scharp holde dye

Swete Ihesu tho hit was non
 To his Fader he had abon
 He scholde forȝinen hem the gult
 That him hadden on rode i-pult
 A bitter drinkke him was i-ȝoue
 Vpon the rode for oure loue 230
 Thourgh counfeil of the Jwes alle
 Aifil and fwot menged with [g]alle
 Ihesu that was wonded fore
 Tafted ther of and nolde nammore
 At that time with ouden boſt
 Swete Ihesu ȝald the gofte

¶ His fwete bodi that was ſo whit
 Ȝit thai deden hit more deſpit
 The Jwes token hem to red
 Tho fwete Iheſu Criſt was ded 240
 At his herte thai maden a wounde
 With a ſpere ſſcharpe i-grounde
 In at his ſide the ſpere rof
 Blod and water out ther drof
 Moſte no thing leue with inne
 And al to gidere for oure finne
 Iheſu that hanged vpon the rode
 And deide ther on for oure gode
 Nowt for his gult but for oure finne
 Sende pees amang mankenne 250

¶ Thiſe clerkes that connue of lecture
 Finden in Holi ſcripture
 That Iheſu that al the world had wrought
 Heuene and erthe made of nowt

The Passioun, etc.

Tho euen-fong time was i-come
 Down af the rode he was i-nome
 With Ioseph and with other mo
 Of hife Desiples that were tho
 Tho oure fwete Lenedi feighth
 His bodi hangen on rode heighth 260
 His honden thurled and his fet
 Bittere teres and blod he let
 For tho bittere teres and finerte
 That comen fram his moder herte
 Bifeche we him gif his wille be
 He gine vs grace helle to fle
 And in heuene to habben a place
 That we moten sen his face
 ¶ In Holi writ hit is i-rad
 Ihesu that on the rode was fprad 270
 Tho he hadde tholed his wo
 And the dai was al a-go
 In Holi writ hit is i-feid
 In sepulcre he was i-leid
 And als we here thife clerkes telle
 He lighte adoun and herewede Helle
 And tok out Adam and Eue
 And alle tho that him were lene
 Tho he hadde browt hem out of forewe
 He ros fram dethe the thridde morewe 280
 To Heuene he feighth thorough his might
 That al the world schal deme and dight
 Euere more there to wone
 Sohtfast God Fader and Sone

The Passioun, etc.

91

¶ Biseche we thanne God in heuene
For hife blessed names seuene
That made bothe mone and sterre
Sende pees there is werre
And giue Cristene men grace
In to the Holi lond to pace 290
And fle Saraxins that beth so rine
And lete be Cristene men on line
And saue the pes of Holi cherehe
And giue vs grace so to werche
That we mowen gode acomttes make
Of that God vs haneth i-take
At the Dom whan he schal fionden
With blodi fides fet and honden
And parten al the world a two
That on to wele that other to wo 300
For als we here clerkes telle
f. 72. That o part i-wis schal to helle
And for sothe gif thai lie
Thanne lieth the Profecie
And that other part schal wende
In to blisse that haneth non ende
To that blisse bringe vs He
That is and was and euer schal be

The Pater Noster vndo on Englissch.

- f. 72. ALLE that euer gon and riden
That willeth Godes merci abiden
Lewede men that ne beth no clerkes
Tho that leuen on Godes werkes
Lefteth and 3e schollen here i-wis
What youre Pater Noster is
¶ Ech man here of take hede
Godiliche while Ihesu 3ede
In erthe with his Apostles twelue
Ihesu Crist made hit him selue 10
And als hit telleth in the bok
Hise Apostles he hit bitok
For thai scholden habben hit in minde
And techen hit to al man-kynde
¶ Of alle the clerkes vnder sonne
Ther nis non of hem that come
A better Oreifoun i-wis
Thanne the Pater Noster is
Thous feggeth this clerkes wife
That mochel connen of clergife 20
¶ Seuen Oreifouns ther beth inne
That helpeth men out of Dedli Sinne

The Pater Noster.

93

And ȝif ȝe willeth awhile dwelle
Al on Engliſſhe wille ȝou telle
The ſkile of hem alle ſeuen
With help of Godes might of heuene

PATER NOSTER QUI ES IN CELIS

That is to ſegge this
Oure Fader in heuene riche
Thi name be bleſſed euere i-liche 30
This is the ſerſte Orcifoun of ſeue
We clepen oure Fader the kyng of heuene
And ȝif he houre Fader is
Thanne be we hiſe children i-wis
And Iheſu is ful of alle godneſſe
With him nis no wikkedneſſe
Thanne mot we ſo mote ich the
Ȝif we willen hiſe children be
Fonden to liuen in god liſ
With outen contek with outen ſtriſ 40
With outen pride and enye
Conetyſe and glotonye
Thanne mowe ſeggen i-wis
That Iheſu Criſt our Fader is
Ȝif we wile be clene i-ſſehrine
And in clene liſ liue
Than mowe we whan we beth of age
Claymen our Fader heritage
The bliſſe that laſteth withouten ende

SANCTIFICETUR NOMEN TUUM

50

The Pater Noster.

That is to segge al and sum
 Ihesu God in Trinite
 Thi name i-bleſſed mot hit be
 That is to vnderſtonde this
 Whan we bleſſen his name i-wis
 We biſechen fwete Iheſus
 That his name mote be with ous
 And we ben clene i-ſchreine
 And out of ſinne thenken to line
 His name nel nowt with ous be 60
 To holden hit we ne habbeth no poſte
 But gif we liuen in god liſ

f. 72^b. In loue and charite with ouden ſtriſ
 Thanne wille his name with ous dwelle
 And ſauuen vs fram the Fende of helle
 Iheſu that boughte lewede and clerkes
 Schilde vs fram the Fendes werkes

ADUENIAT REGNUM TUUM i-wis
 That is to ſegge this
 Louerd to thi kyneriche 70
 Let ous comen al i-liche
 Here we biſechen the heuene kyng
 That we moten comen to his wonnyng
 And we be in gode line i-nome
 To his wonnyng mowe we nowt come
 Thanne is oure bidding for nowt
 But gif we ben in god liſ kaut
 Therfore ech man amende him here
 That we moten wenden al i-fere

The Pater Noster.

95

In to blisse that ne haueth non ende
To thilke blisse God vs fende
Ther no man cometh maiden ne wif
But he be nomen in god lif

80

FIAT VOLUNTAS TUA

SICUT IN CELO ET IN TERRA

That is to fegge thous

We biddeth to swete Ihesus

That his wille be i-do

In heuene and in erthe al so

That is to vnderstonden thous

90

That we scholden seruen swete Ihesus

To his paie and to his wille

Oure bidding to fulfille

And gif we ne serue him nowt aright

Ihesu Crist bi houre night

Thanne do we in that bidding

Nowt bote scornen oure heuene kyng

Therefore ech man gif he mai

Stonde bothe night and dai

To serue Ihesu Crist to wille

100

Oure biseching to fulfille

For forsothe Godes wille is

That we ne scholden nowt don amis

PANEM NOSTRAM COTIDIANUM DA NOBIS HODIE

Is to fegge so mot ich the

Oure bred ordeined for eche dai

Louerd giuet vs to dai

The Pater Noster.

That is to fegge thous
 We bifechen fwete Ihefus
 That he graunte vs alle thinges two 110
 Soules fode and lif alfo
 Nammore mai thi foule line
 But thi bodi hit mete ȝiue
 Nammore than the lif mai
 Withouten ertthliche mete a-dai
 Than is this the foule fode
 Almes dede and bedes gode
 Loue and charite withouten strif
 This mai holde the foules lif
 Als the lif lineth with bred 120
 For longer that hit nis nowt ded

The fixte bede is this
 ET DIMITTE NOBIS DEBITA NOSTRA SICUT ET NOS
 DIMITTIMUS DEBITORIBUS NOSTRIS

This is the fixte bidding
 That we bidden oure heuene kyng
 Forȝiue vs that we habbeth misdo
 Als we forȝiuen other alfo
 That vs habben here a-gult
 That in oure mercy ben i-pult
 Ȝif ani man that is in londe 130
 Lineth in nyht other in onde
 Thourgh counfeil of the Fendes red
 He biddeth aȝenes his owene hed
 And maketh him heiere in erthe
 Than Ihefu Crist that more is werthe

.

Hou our Leuedi Sauter was ferst founde.

fol. 259. LEUEDI fwete and milde

For loue of thine childe

Jhesu ful of might

Me that am so wilde

Fram schame thou me schylde

Bi day and bi night

Ichil bigemmen here

And tellen the manere

Now in this ffounde

Of thi Sauter here

10

With wel gode chere

Hou it was y-founde

Sende me thi grace

Now in this place

So wele for to done

Y bid the thi grace

Ther to liif and space

Y here now mi bone

A riche man was while

Hou our Leuedi Sauter

That loued no gile 20

He loued Holi chirche

Bifiden him a mile

An Abbay of Seyn Gile

His eldren dede wirche

Gode liif this man ladde

On fone he hadde

That gode dedes dede

With cloth and with bedde

f. 259 ^b. His Sone fair he fehredde

In thilke ftede 30

Monke therin he bican

.

[*Thirteen lines cut out.*]

.

Queint man and fleighe

For it was euer his wone

To teche him bi costome

The order fer and neighe

He ȝede forth about

With inne and with out

With the Lord a-day

His fone he lete therout

He ȝede fer to aloute 40

Tellen ich ȝou may

The Leuedi ful of might

was ferst founde.

99

That bar our dright
In a chapel there
Bi day and bi night
When he ther to com might
Were where he were

Ȝou al tellen y may
An hundred ich day
Greteinges he feyd
Wele he held his lay
And the order parmafay
For loue of that Mayde

50

Wele he hadde y-wrought
For gode was his thought
That was wele y-fen
He no leffe it nought
Heuen he hadde y-bought
Thurch his gode ben

No lete he non ffounde
That he no fel to grounde
And a knowes badde
And thought on the fif wounde
That God for all the mounde
On rode hadde y-fprad

60

An hundred to the Maide
Greteinges he feyd
Bi tale ich day

Hou our Lenedi Sauter

He nought it no layd
 Ac fo wele he playd 70
 Right fothe for to fay

That he feighe wel bright
 Our Lenedi ful of might
 On a Saterdag y-wis
 Where fche fat up right
 Half clothed bi fight
 And feyd to him this

Mi Monk no drede the naught
 For Y the haue y-laught
 And Y the wil take 80
 Thon haft don a gode fraught
 No beftow nought bi caught
 God ne fchal the lake

Y thanke the here nouthie
 For thatow with thi mounthe
 Me haft paid fo wel
 Bi north and bi fouthie
 It fchal be wel couthie
 Thine dedes eueri del

Ac thou moft more fay 90
 For me now ich day
 Fifti albi fcore
 Of Aue Maries
 Ich day thries
 Wite now whar fore

was ferst founde.

101

That is right mi Sauter
And thou it fehalt y-wite here
Hou it fehal be do
Fifti fay bi fore
And ener ten bi feore
And the Antemis ther to

100

In tokne of the bliffe
That fel me with y-wis
f. 260. Tho the Angel to me cam
And feyd me tiding
That of me fehuld fpring
God bicom a man

After fay thou fone
Fifti middidone
Al for that ich blis
That he withouten fore
Wald of me be bore
Therof that thou no miffe

110

Ther after thou fehalt fay
Eft fifti ich day
Bi thine fingres ten
Of Aue Maries
Ich day thries
Telle it fele men

Fifti at the nende
For Y fehuld wende
To my Sone tho

120

For blis and for to amende
 That he to me gan fende
 To me comen and go

He brought me to the blis
 That neuer no schal mis
 In that ich ffounde
 Blifced be the time
 That he brought out of pine 130
 Ther in were y-bounde

A Leuedi Y the grete
 For thou art fair and fwete
 And gode to serue wel
 Graunt mi thi nore
 For Y schal euer more
 Don this eueri del

Ȝif Y durst and couthe
 Ich wald wite nouth
 Leuedi here of the 140
 Whi the failes gore
 Slenen and no more
 Of cloth ich on the fe

This clothe thou me ȝene
 Of Friday at eue
 Thurch Aue Maries
 Tho thou me gun grete
 And no day nold lete
 Ac feydest fifti tviis

was ferst founde. 103

For thou moft fay more 150

Thriies fifti bi feore

Al fo Y told the

To day a-feuennight

Y-clothed al aright

Thou fehalt me fair y-fe

Be here of al feille

And fay with gode wille

Al this greteinges

And Y fehal the bring

Fram mi Sone the king 160

Gode tidinges

Mari went tho oway

And the Monke ich day

Seyd right thre fithes

With wel gode wille

Bothe loude and fille

His Aue Maries

That day a-feuennight

Our Lenedi ful of might

To the Monk cam 170

In hir wede right

Y-clothed fwithe bright

And thonked the man

Fair is now mi wede

For bedes that thou bede

Thatow haft geue me

Hou our Leuedi Sauter

Mi Sone the wil rede
 That thou no thing no drede
 For fothē Y telle the

Thou sehalt Abot bicomē 180
 When thou art hom y-nome
 For your Abot sehā dye
 Haue thou euer in wone
 To figge bi coftome
 Thine Aues ich day

Wende al about
 And preche it in and out
 That this is my Sauter
 For al that ich day
 Wil this for my fay 190
 Y sehā hem ben wel ner

f. 260^b. Leue Monke ich telle the
 That thou most al for me
 Wenden ner and wide
 And tellen of this thing
 And fo my Sone bring
 Fele him bifide

For thurch Aue Maries
 That men sehā figgen thries
 In the worthschippe of me 200
 Y sehā hem helpe alle
 That to me wille calle
 For fothē Y telle the

was ferst founde.

105

Nis non that fchal day
That thries wil fay
 This Aue Maries
With outen houfel and fchrift
Bi day no bi night
 For non folies

He fchal in ich place 210
Wele finde mi grace
 At his liues ende
For he fchal finde fpace
And haue gode grace
 Him al for to amende

Gon Ichil hanne
Say it mani man
 This and make it couthe
For feuen ȝer after this
Thou fchalt dien y-wis 220
 Y telle the with mouthe

So long is thi time
To hold the and thine
 And hem for to teche
After that of pine
Thou worft y-brought to mine
 For Y fchal be thi leche

Marie went forth hir way
And the Monke ich day
 Folk to God bring 230

Thurch this ich thing
And his preeching
Gode was this tidinge

Now Ich bidde here
And on alle with gode chere
That ȝe figge pries
With wel gode wille
Both loude and stille
This Aue Maries

And God our alder dright 240
So giue ons strengthe and might
 So wele for to done
That at our ending
He mot ous alle bring
 To blis swithe sone

A · M · E · N ·

In Praise of Women.

.

fol. 324. BOT fals men make her fingres fold

And doth hem wepe wel fore to rewe

Her res

Thurch wroches that er untrew

Wimen ben holden les

Chofen thai be to mannes fere

O-night in armes for to wende

Ȝif ani man may it here

Of a fcherewe that wil Wimen fchende

Y ſpeke for hem and make hem ſkere

10

And ſay that thai er gode and hende

When thou art ded and leid on bere

In to blis thi foule ſchal wende

And bide

He was born of woman kinde

For ous bare bloody fide

Der worther drouri wot y non

Than woman is and wife of rede

Gold no filuer no riche ſton

Is non ſo douhti in dede

20

In Praise of Women.

Thai make Willam Roberd and Jon
 In ioie and blis he liif to lede
 That elles schuld spille flescche and bon
 And ly and dwine hem felue to dede
 Thurch pine

Birddes blifced mot 3e be
 For loue of Virgine

Eighen grew and browes brent
 That bere this birddes bright on ble
 In eueri lond ther thai be lent 30
 Is ful of mirthe and iolifte
 It is a fond that God hath sent
 In erthe to gladi man with gle
 Were wimen out of lond y-went
 Al our blifs were brought on kne
 Wel lawe

Hou schuld men ani corn repe
 Ther no fede is fouwe

Feir and fwete is wimannes viis
 The man that wil hem wele bihold 40
 White and rede fo rose on riis
 Louely lithe her here y-fold
 With eighe for heued and nose tretus
 Al bemes thai han in wold
 For loue of on that berth the priis
 Y prais hem bothe 3ong and old
 Bidene

Who fo lacketh hem in lore
 He wretthes Heuen quene

In Praise of Wlomen.

109

Gentelri is plaunt as Y ȝou telle 50
In wiman it ſpringeth in ich a-liȝth
Thai er meke and nothing felle
Hende in halle as hauke i-friȝth
He ſhall be curſed with boke and belle
That ani vilaini mengeth hem with
To reſt hem in the pine of helle
Ther neuer more ſchal be no grith
No bote

Y wold rede no curſed wroche
Oȝain our Leuedi to mote 60

Harpe no fithel no fautri
Noither with eld no with ȝong
Is non ſo fwete to fitten by
As wiman ther thai ſpeke with tong
Her ſpeche reſteth a man wel ney
Bitvene his liner and his long
That doth his hert riſe on hey
So clot that lith in clay y-clong
So fore

Who that lacketh wiman in lore 70
Y rede he do no more

In al this world was neuer no clerk
Seththen Adam was fourmed and Eue
No man that wered breeche no ſerk
That winnannes vertu couthe ſerene
Than were it to me ful derk
A thing that ſchuldeſt min hert greue
For to ginne ſwicke a werk

That neuer man no might in cheue

To thende 80

Y take wittnes at our Leuedi

That wimen er gode and hende

King and emperour and knight

Alle thai were of wiman bore

And God was in a woman light

And elles were alle this world forlore

For it is a thing that bereth right

Atuix the crop and the more

f. 324 ^b. Amid the tre the front was pight

That Ihefu was don on rode fore

90

To winne

Our foules out of helle

That were bounden in finne

Luf is alle in woman laft

And chofen thai be for trifter in tour

Thennes tharf hem neuer be raft

Thai may ther liue with gret honour

In a chaumber of leuely craft

No tharf hem dout of no fchour

Ogain al thing wiman fchaft

100

Of alle londes thai bere the flour

And priis

As ouer alle other floures

Rofe y-railed on riis

Mari that bar God Al might

Help nou Ich haue nede

In Praise of Women. 111

For wimannes honour to fight
Hou thai er hende in ich a-dede
Of hem it springeth day and night
Swete morfeles this lond to fede 110

Front that is so michel o-might
Men y-armed stef on ftede
And strong
God giue hem ioie and blis
And liif to laft long

Note of the nightingale
Y fett at nought in time of May
No other foules gret and finale
That fit and fingen her lay
Ogaines a foule that fit in fale 120
With outen cage cum clad in fay
Hir note abateth mannes bale
Ther nis no wight that can fay nay
With mouthe

We aught for our leuedi loue
Honour wiman gif we couthe

Of al vertus wiman is rote
Say no man nay for it is so
Of al bales thai be bote
To help a man of vncouthe wo 130
Thai beren falues that ben fwote
To hele me and other mo
To make a man to lepe with fot
That ere was fike and might nought go
No ftonde

In Praise of Wommen.

Wiman is comfort to man
 To bring him out of bond

Perlis priis and paruink
 Is woman viis in eueri plas
 No may no clerk write with ink 140
 The fwetneffe that thai han in face
 No in his hert him bi think
 Alle his wittes thei he chace
 Wimen ther thai fit on benk
 Hou mighti thai ere and ful of grace
 Ful filt

For God for ous in a wiman
 His bigging hath y-bilt

Quen of Heuen leh am thi man
 In erthe to speke for thine oft 150
 Helpe me Leuedi for Y no can
 For to abate the wreche boft
 Hem that fehende gode wiman
 That ioie of hem in erthe is most
 Al our blis of wimen gan
 Swete Leuedy thou it woft
 Y-wis

For thou bar that ich Bern
 That brought ons alle to blis

Rofe no no lili flour 160
 No woderof that fpringeth on heth
 Is non fo fwete in his odour
 For fothe fo is wimannes breth

In Praise of Wlomen.

113

Piment clare no no licour
 Milke perre no no meth
 And who fo loneth hem with honour
 No dye he neuer schamely deth
 Thurch gilt

God lat neuer her foules
 For non finnes be spilt 170

Spice with schip in time of pes
 That com sailand out of the fouth
 Rapeli raikand on a res
 Ouer the fe that ebbeth and flouth
 Is non fo fwete in his reles
 So is a colie of womannes mouthe
 fol. 325. For priis of spices ithir ches
 Most of vertu and nam couthe
 For why

It is euer aliche newe 180
 Both lat and arly

Trewe as treacle er thai to fond
 Clere of colour fo is the winne
 Thai ben birddes of Godes fond
 Loueliche to leggen under line
 Mani and fele ther ben in lond
 For fothe Y say that on is min
 Where fo that y wake or stonde
 Y-wis Ichane a mele fin
 In hord 190

Luffum fair and hende
 Trewe and trusti in word

In Praise of Women.

Bontable is womannes thought
 It siketh ther thai han it fett
 Thei another hir hath bi fought
 Sche wil held that feche hath hett
 And fay for fothe hem helpeth nought
 No fehal hem neuer be the beth
 Bot fals werkes that men han wrought
 Maken oft her leres wet

200

Wel wete

Ther a woman loue is fett
 Loth hir is to lete

Chrift is king and God in tron
 Thay that woman fchende gif hem fchame
 Lord thou graunt me mi bon
 Y fehal grete the with game
 Thine heued thi fete thi bodi bi don
 Wel oft thai fweren idel thi name
 Thou that made sonne and mone

210

To fchond

For we aught for our Lenedi loue
 Wiman honour to fond

Thei a fehewe on woman lyghe
 Hir godenis is neuer the las
 Gete he may happen ar he dye
 Thurch tvelue monthes for to pas
 Heighe on galwes his mete to fi
 And under him grefe bothe ox and affe
 And as a dogge in feld to ly

220

In Praise of Wlomen.

115

Wolues and houndes to don his masse

Bi night

For we aught for our leuedi loue

Hold wiman to right

Xabulon is a lond of lede

That mani man hath ben iane

Nought al the Minstrels that ben kidde

Out of that lond in to linne

With harpe no fithel fautri ther midde

230

Orgens that er ioned with ginne

No might nought telle half the gode hede

That a gode woman is with inne

To thende

Who that feit wiman fehame

Y wis he is vnkende

Thy were as douhti as wa

As was Samfon er hew

Or al fo wight as was way

Or Salamon that was

240

Ȝete wald me nought

That wiman schuld

To go on feld in fno

To helpe on erthe to

To growe

Of wimen springe

Joie and vertus y

Eft and west when

Swete birdes

Is no thing may 250

Swiche a fond th

In alle the tales

Euer be fely w

He that alle thin

He was in a wo

For loue

Thurch the bern

Brought we ben

Amen fay we

Blifced be that

260

That God with o

In a woman wa

And feththen lent

To bigge ous o

f. 325^b. His owlen bodi with flefche and bon

Tholed ded with grimly wounde

On rode

Lord blifced be thi name

It was for our gode

Place is fair ther wimen be fett

270

Thai er louefun and fair of fight

In cuerich lond ther thai be mett

In ich a-toun ther thai be dight

Y wil held that Y haue hett

[O]uer al this world bicom her knight

[Fu]l oft for ous her leres be wett

. . . grounis thai gron o night

. . . dde

In Praise of Women. 117

. . . thai fiken and forwe for ous
 . . . be forftered and fedde 280

. rekned in lond
 oul of al is on
 onde in Gode's bond
 felt of mannes mon
 urch Godes fond
 ned fleſche and bon
 em we aught to fond
 ng no wot y non

. to worthſchip hem 290
 that he can

. thai gon in bounde
 es ber ous about
 in a flounde
 ben in dout
 en and gon on grounde
 hem to lout
 grimli wounde
 wete with out

. 300
 s oft
 ille

. n we be brought
 ines barn
 in thought
 am harm

In Praise of Women.

. e ous nought

. ous warm

Thai fing ous mani a fong for nought

And fwetely lol ous in her harm 310

Wel oft

Wele aught we than to loue wiman

That kepen ous fo soft

Leuedi that ert flour of al thing

That al godenes hath in wold

For the loue of that tiding

That Gabriel with mouthe the told

That Ihesu that is Heuen king

In thi bodi lighten he wold

Ȝif hem al gode ending 320

That honour Wiman ȝing and old

In word and dede

The Child that our Leuedi bare

Grant hem heuen to mede. Amen

Where bene Men.

.

fol. 280. WHERE ben men biforn ous were

That houndes ladden and haukes bere

And hadden feld and wode

The riche leuedis in her bour

That werd gold in her trefour

With her bright rode

Thai eten and dronken and made hem glade

With joie was al her liif y-lade

Men kneled hem bi fore

Thai beren hem wel fwithe heighe

10

With a twinkling of her eighe

Her foules were for lore

Whare is that hoppeing and that fong

The trayling and the proude gong

The haukes and the houndes

Al that wele is went oway

Her ioie is turned to wayleway

To mani hard ffoundes

Dreighe her man gif that thou wit

Where bene Men.

A litel pine men the bit 20

With drawe thine aife oft

If the pine be vrede

And thou thenke of thi misdede

It felhal the think soft

If that the fende the foule thing

Thurch wicked rede of fals egging

Adoun the hath y-caft

Vp and be gode champioun

Stond and falle no more adoun

For a litel blaft 30

Take the rode to thi staf

And thenk on Him that ther on gaf

His liif that was so lef

He it gaf for the thou geld it him

Ogain thi fo thi staf thou nim

And wreke the of that thef

Ihesu Crist ous aboue

Thou graunt ous for thi Moder loue

At our lines ende

When we han rightes of the prest 40

And the deth be at our brest

The foule mot to Heuen wende

